Week ending August 30 1947 Every Thursday Threepence

# JOHN BULL

HARVEST REFRESHER by A. R. Whitear

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Why we must change our law on Abortion—see page 5

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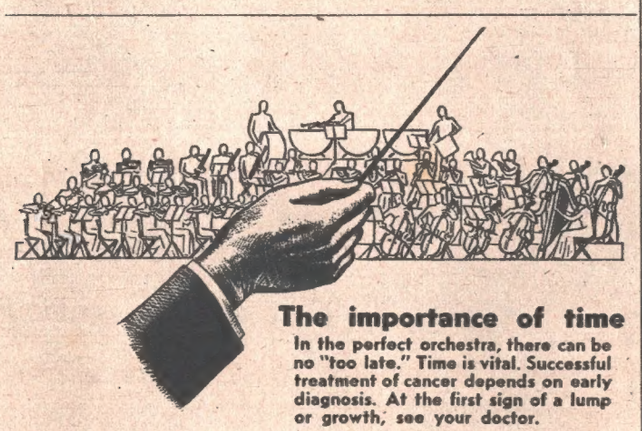

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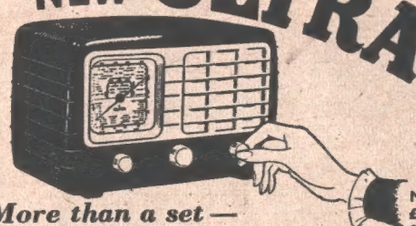

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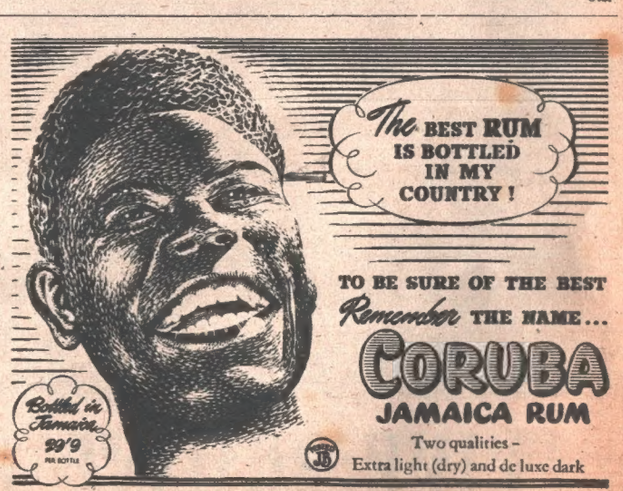


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# JOHN BULL

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AUGUST 30, 1947 VOL. 82 NO. 2148


## Blood on the Coal

THE INQUIRY INTO the Whitehaven pit disaster is not likely to lead to great reforms in colliery management. The brutal fact is that coal-mining is a dangerous occupation, in which casualties run high, though only a disaster of this size reminds the public of the old saying "There's blood on the coal."

Yet, although it may be impossible so to change our collieries that another Whitehaven can never happen, the National Coal Board is surely in a position to ensure that great tragedies like this shall become as rare as railway accidents.

Nationalization has brought the mines for the first time under one management, which can afford to look at the industry as a whole.

Therefore, if any one pit proves unduly dangerous, the Coal Board can and should close it, and find employment for its workers nearby.

It would be stupid and callous to say that because we need the coal, every pit must be worked, regardless of danger.

Miners themselves are more valuable than immediate output, on practical as well as human grounds, and the Coal Board should adopt that as its guiding principle, even if production temporarily suffers. In the long run the output of fuel should gain rather than lose from the most stringent regard for safety in the mines.

Meanwhile the nation can best show its sympathy and sorrow over the Whitehaven disaster by practising fuel economy in every way. If it be true that "there is blood on the coal," then there is also "blood on the switch."

## "Direction": a Necessary Evil

WE DON'T LIKE DIRECTION of labour. But it is clear that the amount of direction at present proposed, besides being necessary, is also relatively sensible.

Men and women are not, as was feared, to be driven into jobs they dislike. They are merely to be debarred, if unemployed, from taking inessential jobs. And if an employer in a non-essential industry takes on an unauthorized hand, it is he who will be penalized, not the employee.

"Direction" could hardly be milder, to be effective at all. Yet the basic objections to it remain. The worker who has to choose a job he would not normally have chosen is still not the same willing worker he might have been.

And another encroachment has been made on personal liberty. For that the remedy is vigilance against abuse, and unrelenting effort to end a state of affairs in which the Government has to interfere with the choice of employment.

There is yet another evil implicit in direction of labour, even as now organized. It tends to deepen and harden class distinctions. The managerial and professional classes are exempt. The mass of manual workers is not.

Here is another powerful reason for keeping the life of this unpleasant emergency measure as short as possible.

At all costs we must avoid splitting the nation into two castes—a small one with special privileges of freedom, and a large one with diminished liberties. Such tendencies are bad, dangerous and hateful.

JOHN BULL has never believed that "the end justifies the means." We fear that direction of labour may prove a means which no end will justify.

We shall never cease to remind the Government of its obligation to scrap direction as soon as it dares.

## How Many Houses?

ANEURIN BEVAN'S BUILDING programme is seriously threatened because he hasn't enough timber.

Figures now available show that in three months only 84,000 standards could be allotted to housing. One house uses the best part of two standards, so that in those three months Mr. Bevan got enough for only 40,000 houses, or 160,000 a year. This is far below the target.

The trouble is that housing, because of the crisis, has lost its first priority in the building industry. Factories and other productive places have to be built.

On top of all this Mr. Bevan apparently isn't getting full co-operation from many of the local authorities.

It is said that in some rural areas where housing needs are especially urgent, the response is still sluggish.

What does a wise man do when a tool goes blunt in his hand? He sharpens it. If he can't do that, he takes another tool and gets on with the job.

But Bevan now announces that no more private building licences are to be granted in general practice.

He may be right. But in the long run we shall judge him by how many houses he gets built. If, within reasonable limits of cost and rental, a private builder will get on faster than an apathetic or hostile local council, he should be allowed to do it.

Much has already been done to frustrate the building profiteer and the jerry-builder, and we are grateful for it. The houses now going up are better than the earlier ones.

But the great thing is to *keep them going up*. Bevan should be inflexible in his purpose, but flexible in his methods.

## Stop the Currency Wasters

IF THE GOVERNMENT BELIEVES that by cutting foreign travel allowances by more than half as from October 1, it will, in addition to saving valuable foreign exchanges, stamp out the multitude of currency dodgers, it had better think again.

Such a feeble half step is an incitement, not a deterrent, to the cheaters who will get money for their pleasures and gambling on the Riviera in any underhand way possible.

JOHN BULL has shown to what limits these people will go to get their overseas travel jaunts. Already they are working new dodges to get more than their ration of money out of Britain.

Our customs men could stop most of this racketeering—if there were twenty times as many of them as now; if every traveller abroad had to submit a list of everything he took with him and have it checked on return; and if everyone was searched on leaving Britain.

But there is a much more simple, and more effective way of dealing with the unpatriotic squanderers of our currency resources.

All convicted currency dodgers should be imprisoned and their passports impounded for anything up to ten years. That is the only way to stop this traffic.

There's no harm in asking!
There's great Satisfaction in getting
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SCOTCH WHISKY
White Label
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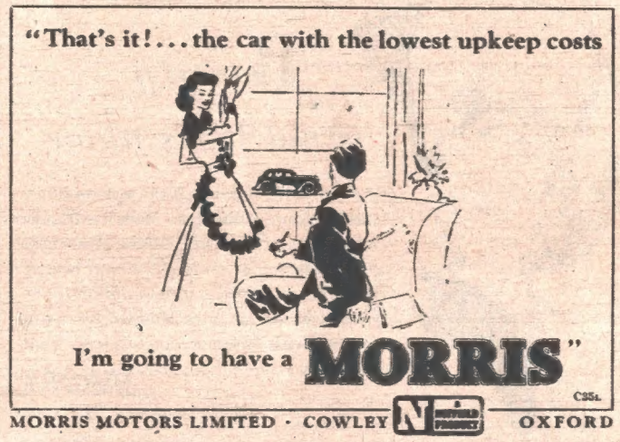
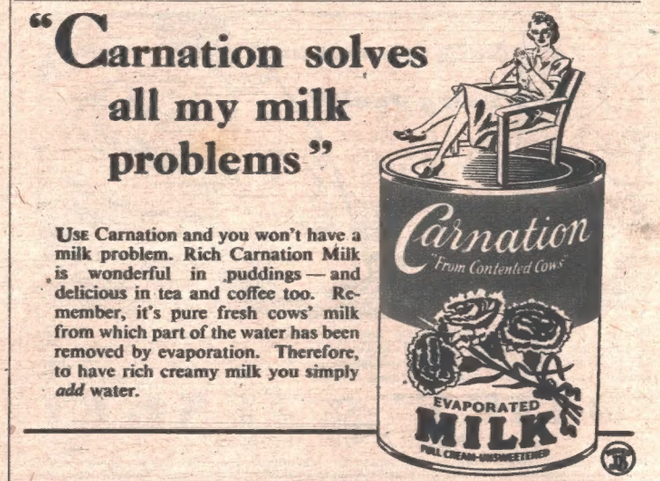
Max. retail prices 25/9 bot. 13/6 half bot. As fixed by The Scotch Whisky Assoc.

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*is not looks alone*

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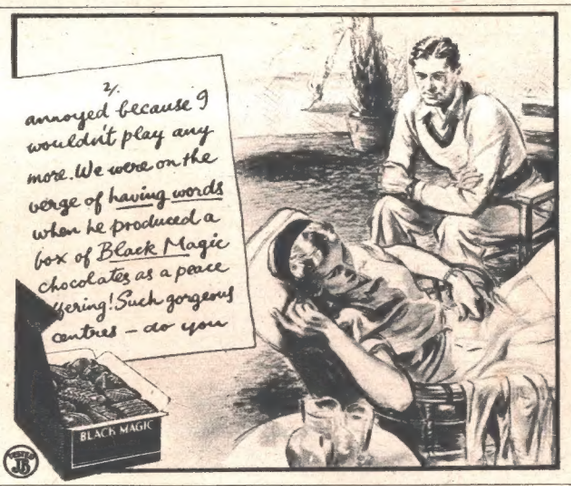
Can we sleep less without paying a price for the loss? Many serious thinkers believe so, but recent experiments suggest otherwise.

In those experiments boys were deprived of two hours' sleep at night. Next day, they used up twenty-five per cent. more energy than usual doing brain work. The fact is that the loss of even one hour's sleep has to be paid for out of our store of energy.

Still more important than the *length*, is the *quality* of sleep we get. One hour of deep sleep is worth three of fitful sleep. That is why Horlicks is of such value at bedtime. It promotes the deep unbroken sleep we need for renewed energy next day. . . . Horlicks remains in short supply.

*HORLICKS*




annoyed because I wouldn't play any more. We were on the verge of having words when he produced a box of Black Magic chocolates as a peace offering! Such gorgeous centres – do you
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419-4

# ABORTION AND THE QUACKS

## by ALICE JENKINS

WHEN A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT asked the Home Secretary in the House of Commons for the number of convictions for performing, or assisting "illegal operations," the people who paid attention to the reply were surprised. The figure was substantial. In the six years from 1939 to 1944, six hundred people were convicted of the crime.

Still more significant was the extremely high percentage of these operations which had been performed or aided by unqualified people. Out of the total of six hundred, only fourteen had been performed by qualified medical practitioners. The remaining 586 of these "operations" were attempted by unskilled people with little or no knowledge of the surgery involved.

The vast majority of them used instruments, and it is safe to say that many of the implements were crude, unclean and dangerous.

Impressive as these figures are, they represent only cases which have been brought to public light by criminal court proceedings, when they are reported as "illegal operations."

The more forthright and accurate word is "abortion" and, though there is considerable secrecy and subterfuge about this subject, it *does* exist, and is estimated to affect no fewer than 100,000 women in Britain each year. One cannot assess the amount of human misery and desperation behind this bald statement.

### Paid With Their Lives

A Government report on maternal mortality published as long ago as 1937 revealed that one-sixth of all deaths in childbirth were due to amateur attempts to end pregnancy. This continues week after week, in town and country, and society is now faced with the necessity of deciding whether medical hygiene and surgical competence are to be given full opportunity to clear this black spot from our public health.

What is the law regarding abortion? The statute dates back to 1861. Here is its wording: "Every Woman, being with Child, who, with intent to procure her own Miscarriage, shall unlawfully administer to herself any Poison or other Noxious Thing, or Shall unlawfully use any instrument or other Means whatsoever with the like Intent and whosoever, with the Intent to procure the Miscarriage of any Woman, whether she be or be not with Child, shall unlawfully administer to her or cause to be taken by her any Poison or Noxious Thing, or shall unlawfully use any Instrument or other means whatsoever with a like Intent, shall be guilty of Felony, and being convicted thereof shall be liable, at the Discretion of the Court, to be kept in Penal Servitude for Life or for any Term not less than Three Years, or to be imprisoned for any Term not exceeding Two Years, with or without Hard Labour, and with or without Solitary Confinement. . . ."

**Mrs. Jenkins, who is Honorary Secretary of the Abortion Law Reform Association, outlines plans for ending a social evil**

It goes on, in the same terms, to say that anybody who supplies or procures the means of a miscarriage is liable to penal servitude for three years or imprisonment not exceeding two years, with or without hard labour.

This law is obscure in wording and bears no relationship to modern "surgical" methods of terminating pregnancy. Moreover, many people now regard it as being a flagrant example of "one law for the rich and another for the poor."

In 1861 there was only one kind of abortion—abortion accomplished by poison, violence or noxious things. Now there are two entirely different kinds. One is carried out by qualified doctors; it involves little or no risk if performed in the early stages, but it is difficult — and expensive — to arrange.

The other kind—and this is where that annual total of 100,000 British women applies—is harmful and unskilled. It is an abominable malpractice, secretly attempted by the aid of drugs, quack medicines, violence and doubtful instruments. One woman told me she had drunk a quantity of turpentine to try and induce a miscarriage. Others seek the help of some unlettered woman, armed with a crude, dirty instrument. What should be a surgical operation has been attempted with kitchen implements and knitting needles.

There should be little surprise that such crudity can result in ill-health, disease—and many deaths.

In view of the considerable demand from women for this operation, it is of interest to note that many of the people serving sentences for breaking the law of abortion are described by those who know them as ordinary, decent folk who felt they were relieving the distress of some wretched woman who had pleaded with them for relief.

### Public Backed Petition

In recent years two petitions asking for leniency for such offenders have been presented. One was signed by more than a thousand local people, and the other included the signature of the parish incumbent. One old woman, who had never been responsible for a fatality but was convicted and sentenced, heard the following words as she was helped into the dock: "Cheer up. Instead of being here you should be having a medal pinned on."

Not long ago a woman doctor said, under oath, that her object in performing abortions was to save lives, and that she had shielded other doctors who could have been incriminated.

So it seems to me that there is a growing public support for the people who do perform these so-called "illegal operations."

How do the criminal court cases arise?

When, through lack of foresight or faulty birth control, a girl fears she has conceived a child which, through various circumstances, she is reluctant to bear, she looks round for some way of ending this unwanted pregnancy. In most circumstances she is quite unable to raise the necessary sum of money—upwards of £75—for which a minor surgical operation requiring only a few days in a nursing home, could be competently performed—illegally—in the early stages.

So she enlists the knowledge and experience of a friend or, after frantic inquiry, discovers a hitherto unknown person who can give her the relief she wants. Some of these unskilled, amateur operations appear to be successful, but many entail years of broken health or suddenly end in the hospital mortuary.

A London doctor told me some years ago that every week several married women who already had as many children as they could cope with, came to beg him to end their unwanted pregnancies. In every case he had to tell them he could

**The grim evidence is that no fewer than 100,000 women are involved in abortion cases in Britain *every year.* Most of these women are subjected to illegal operations conducted in sordid and dangerous conditions—with the aid of drugs, quack medicines, doubtful and dirty instruments. Too long have the squeamish and self-righteous avoided facing up to the evils that unwanted pregnancy may bring in its train. John Bull presents the facts and a remedy—reform of an outdated law so that a premium may be put on the malpractices of quacks and full legality given to treatment by qualified doctors where it is considered medically or socially desirable to end a pregnancy.**

**SUPERSTITION ● WHY WRITERS? ● THEORY OF TIME**

**John Bull readers chose these topics for J. B. Priestley to discuss**

# Priestley's Page

*Q. Can anything be done to counteract the growth of superstition?"*

SUPERSTITION grows when true religion decays. Life is a mystery, and when we refuse to recognize that profound truth with our conscious minds, then our unconscious begins to offer us superstition.

Thus, the eighteenth century considered itself an age of reason, and most educated men of that period (Gibbon is the type) regarded religious belief as so much nonsense. Yet during the latter half of the eighteenth century, there was a notorious revival of secret magical practices; the "Illuminati" flourished and so did the more fantastic forms of freemasonry.

The human soul rebels very soon against a narrow materialistic and too-rational view of life, and this rebellion, if it does not lead to a genuine religious revival, takes the rather degraded form of superstition. Notice how Nazism, which denounced Christianity, soon became a hotbed of gross superstition and created a sinister atmosphere of black magic.

A superficial narrow rationalism, which pretends to find no mystery in life, is really the greatest friend of superstition. Persuade a man that he is nothing but a collection of salts and acids or a sort of electrical machine, and very soon he will begin calling in the astrologers, the soothsayers, the witch-doctors and black magicians.

So far the Communists, who have turned a political and economic theory into a substitute for religion, have resisted the dark promptings of the unconscious (which cares nothing for political and economic theories), but my guess is that very soon strange magical beliefs will creep in by the back door.

*Q. "Do you not feel, in these days of work or want, that you would do better to lay aside your pen and take up some productive work?"*

A BIT saucy, I suspect, this one. But I will try to answer it freely and frankly.

The only productive work that is absolutely vital to us at the moment is the production of coal. If a state of national emergency is declared, I am ready to take my turn at the pits with the next man, although I doubt if an inexperienced sedentary man in his fifties is much use down a pit.

But let us turn back to a former crisis. After Dunkirk I spent a great deal of time broadcasting, not only to this country, but to English-speaking audiences throughout the world. (I used to do it every other night, at 2.30 a.m., throughout the whole blitz period.) I might, of course, have been digging trenches or uncoiling barbed wire, instead of broadcasting and writing, but I think few people would agree that that would have been more useful to the country.

And now a few words about authorship. This is a form of production, too. First, while taking almost a minimum of other people's labour and services and the country's materials, I earn enough here to pay a heavy sum in taxation, about four times as much as I keep for my family and myself.

Secondly, I am myself a successful exporter, and an exporter who makes no demands on the Government. I export plays and books, which earn many different kinds of foreign currency.

Thirdly, I not only try to "entertain and inform" people here, but I also do it in many different countries, thereby helping to give the people in these countries the British point of view.

If the Government would prefer to forgo this large annual sum in taxes (including entertainment tax on my plays, which amounts to a very considerable figure), to lose all the foreign currency I earn, and to silence a well-known British voice throughout the world, all for the sake of seeing me make a botch of some job a lad of eighteen would do better, then I will report to the nearest Labour Exchange.

But on my way there I might begin to work out what I thought of the Government's sanity. And then start writing and talking again.

*Q. "You once expressed Dunne's theory of time in a play.* What does the theory mean, and do you believe in it?"*

DUNNE'S theory of Time is called Serialism. It takes the view that our consciousness represents a series of Observers functioning in a corresponding series of Times.

It seeks to prove that we are really immortal, because only as Observer One in Time One do we die. We continue to exist, as Observer Two and Three, etc., in Times Two and Three, etc.

Most philosophers sharply challenge Dunne's conclusions and consider his whole conception of serial time wrong. Nevertheless, even if his general theory is proved to be false, he has still come nearer to explaining some of the most bewildering problems of life than anybody else has so far.

Thus, his explanation of how dreams come to assume the strange character they do—their rapid changes in time and place, the absence from them of very bright colours, loud noises, acute sensations of pain, and so forth—has always seemed to me the best account I know.

Furthermore, his statement that often in dreams we catch glimpses of our future seems to me of great value. (Very briefly stated, his theory here is that to Observer Two, who is our dreaming self, both our past and our future, lying along our Time One track, can be experienced, though only fragmentarily; and that often a dream is a telescoping into one fantastic narrative of certain events both past and future.)

Dunne's explanation may be wrong, but I am sure he is right in asserting that occasionally the future is revealed to us in dreams.

Readers who are curious about his dream theory should read his first book, *An Experiment with Time*. His second book, *The Serial Universe*, deals with the more scientific aspect of his theory, and is much harder going for the average reader.

* *Time and the Conways.*

Continued from previous page

do nothing. Some of them made the best of things. Others went to a notorious doctor, and one came back to tell him that this doctor's surgery was dirty—and so were his hands—yet fifteen women were waiting to see him.

It is possible that following recent judicial pronouncements, a gravely ill woman can get an abortion through her own doctor. In 1938 Mr. Justice Humphreys, presiding at a meeting of the Fellowship of Medicine attended by four hundred members of the medical profession and the Bar, said: "The law has never been concerned with the ethics of abortion, but only with what is universally called the criminal abortion."

He added that if a reputable doctor operated with a desire to save a patient's life, and after consultation with one or more of his colleagues, the law would never be so stupid as to say that he had committed a criminal offence.

But, in spite of the fact that another judge has in late years stated that in his opinion abortions should be performed to save a patient's life, or where there is grave risk that to continue her pregnancy will irreparably damage a woman's health, the statute law remains the same.

## Little Hope for the Poor

And insurmountable difficulties arise when one tries to get medical abortion for women of the poorer classes.

A few years ago I tried and failed to obtain help for a woman who lived with her husband and two very young children in a slum tenement.

The only medical advice obtained was that she should have the third child and then learn birth control. Repeated and serious warning failed to deter her from trying her own way. She became dreadfully ill and was taken to hospital, raving. She died there, and at the inquest it transpired that she had punctured her womb while attempting to operate on herself with a kitchen skewer.

In 1936 the British Medical Association's Committee on Abortion declared unmistakably that "while the British Medical Association has no doubt that legalization of abortion for social and economic reasons would go far to solve the problem of the secret operation, it realizes that this is a matter for the consideration of the community as a whole."

But as long as the law remains unchanged a great majority of doctors are still not prepared to risk breaking it.

## Campaign against Prejudice

The Abortion Law Reform Association has for the last twelve years tried to arouse public interest in this subject, and it is supported by well-known legal and medical men and women. Miss Stella Browne, a founder member of the association, has done much to try to dispel the obscurity and prejudice that has long surrounded even the discussion of legal abortion.

For, in spite of the rigorous wording of the law, it is well known that skilled abortion has, for many years, been performed by competent surgeons on healthy women for large fees.

Has not the time come for the emendation of the out-of-date law relating to abortion?

What is needed is a short Parliamentary Bill to establish that it will henceforth not be criminal for a qualified medical practitioner to terminate the pregnancy of a woman, with her consent, when this procedure seems medically or socially desirable either in her own interest or in that of the community.

I believe that only when the medical profession is freed from fear of the consequences and is able to advise and treat, can the long history of disease and death from quackery be effectively checked.

# TRACKING DOWN THE TAX DODGERS

**You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time—but you cannot fool all the tax officials all the time**

PEOPLE NOWADAYS ARE TOUCHY about taxes. And there are two sound reasons for this. First, Pay As You Earn, though the most efficient system of taxation the nation has ever devised, is exasperating in its impact on weekly pay packets. Second, the conscientious taxpayer is becoming convinced that far too many people are contriving to evade income tax.

Stories of houses and cars paid for with wads of treasury notes; the sight of men and women spending vast sums at race meetings and dog tracks —these things annoy people who must surrender tax before they even open their pay packets. There is a natural tendency to exaggerate the numbers who neatly avoid the Inland Revenue and all its bothersome officials.

The honest taxpayers need not distress themselves unduly. There *are* tax dodgers, thousands of them, and it is estimated that during the past eight years they have cheated the country out of more than £100 million. But they are nearly all known to the Inland Revenue authorities and sooner or later will be called to account.

Every day new names are added to the "For Further Inquiry" lists, on which appear details of the men and women who today believe they have found a safe method of evading tax.

They have left transactions out of their books, faked their records, kept duplicate sets of accounts, paid imaginary creditors, charged fantastically high expenses, written off non-existent losses, concluded their most profitable deals in untraceable hard cash, formed strings of companies to cover dubious acitivities, worked under false names.

On the surface many seem to have succeeded. What the tax dodgers do not realize is that long ago they may have been placed on the "further inquiry" list.

Income tax officials, even before they start special inquiries, have a way of spotting the dodgers by assembling facts that in themselves seem insignificant or irrelevant.

## Gossip May Give Clues

An item in honest Mr. A's return may expose not-so-honest Mr. B. Press reports of court cases involving money, the exposure of black market operations, criminal prosecutions, slander and divorce suits, and even items of trivial gossip all come to the notice of Inland Revenue officials.

Employees who do not wish to be associated with the methods of their employers often supply confidential information. Citizens who suspect tax frauds by their neighbours or business associates send in reports uninvited.

Simple, straightforward cases of tax evasion are handled by local income tax offices. A hint that perhaps an official inquiry is about to be started often brings a cheque in settlement. These local cases are settled quietly with no publicity. But the tax dodger has to pay anything up to three times the amount of tax he has dodged plus interest.

The more complicated cases are handed over to a special section, known as "Inquiry Branch, Inland Revenue." Few people know of this department.

Yet since it was formed shortly after the first World War the department has collected tens of millions of pounds which would otherwise have been lost to the national revenue. Its staff is hand-picked and includes qualified accountants and tax officials who have made a special study of certain trades and industries. The branch receives a daily flow of information.

They have an exact knowledge of the ways in which the "wide" financier thinks he can get away with tax evasion. They know all about the methods of men who strike transactions out of their books and buy property with the proceeds; and they keep an eye on the men who live at the rate of £10,000 a year but show profits of barely £1,000.

The financier who forms inter-locking companies to "move round" profits, and the apparently small business man who gambles thousands at a time on dogs and horses, are familiar characters to these revenue detectives.

## No Record of Deals

Many of the cases passed to the Inquiry Branch look on the surface as though everything were in order. These are difficult cases where it is suspected that the tax evaders have left whole deals out of their books. Frequently the "I.B." men have to obtain special powers from the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, not only to examine books and bank accounts but also to examine witnesses.

Investigation of a difficult case may take months, even years, of patient work in which outside professional accountants sometimes co-operate.

Yet the ordinary citizen is inclined to say, "If such a wonderful system of check and counter-check exists, why is it that so many people are boasting almost openly that they are not paying tax?"

The answer is that although investigations are being speeded up, every income tax office in this country is struggling with arrears of routine work. There is consequently an acute shortage of the trained staff needed for special investigations.

During the war years it was as much as most offices could do to keep up with straightforward tax business. The Committee of Public Accounts recently reported that tax collection arrears at the end of 1945 were £780,000,000. That is some measure of the way in which the work piled up in the war years.

One thing is certain. Tax evaders must be dealt with more speedily. Every instance of tax evasion which is not followed by detection becomes a temptation for another man to dodge his obligations to the State. The argument—"Why shouldn't I get away with it, too?"—is sordidly familiar.

The essence of the matter is speed. Even if in ninety per cent of the cases all the taxes lost are recovered and a penalty is added, evasion will always be attempted while the remaining ten per cent can either salt their money safely away or slip out of Britain before inquiries start.

## Nasty Shock Coming

As I have said, thousands who assume that they *have* got away with considerable sums in unpaid taxes will have a nasty shock coming to them. But it is unsatisfactory that such a long time elapses before cases are investigated.

After the first World War, tax offices recruited outside accountants and skilled civil servants from other branches to help in the task of seeing that wartime profiteers paid every penny they owed in taxation. We might well see what can be done along these lines this time.

Most important of all, everyone should realize that tax evasion *is* a crime, the proper punishment for which is the confiscation of all illegal profits, an adequate fine and, sometimes, imprisonment. Some people are still inclined to smile at the tax dodger as a rather likeable financial will-o'-the-wisp who leads the collector a devil of a dance.

This is an expensive misconception. The more money these people withhold from the State, the higher will be the taxation imposed on honest citizens. In other words, *you* are paying the dodger's share.

It's as simple—and as irritating—as that.

GORDON CUMMINGS

**Inland Revenue clerks grapple with tax arrears—£780,000,000 by the end of 1945**

# WIZARD WHO LOOKS AHEAD

WITH THE KICK OFF THIS SEASON, perhaps the most talked of footballer is the international Stanley Matthews, accredited with fifty appearances for England, the "wizard of the dribble," tallish, blue chinned, eleven stone and Blackpool's right winger.

Those last three words, if you are a Stoke City fan, must have touched a very sensitive spot, because Stanley Matthews for the last decade and a half was your man. Ten years ago you may have been among those thousands who threatened to stop work if Stanley left Stoke, in which case you probably attended the civic reception in January last year, when the F.A. gave him an illuminated address and you packed £100 into his forty-fourth cap.

He had beaten the record of forty-three caps held by Eddie Hapgood, Arsenal's back and England's captain. Stoke was proud of Stanley. Stoke had raised him at Wellington Road School, Hanley, not two miles from the football ground.

Stanley lived for football; thought about it all day, dreamed it at night. In the back garden at home he learned ball control with a rubber ball and two kitchen chairs for opponents. Before he had left school, he had made a big hit as a schoolboy international.

Tom Mather, Stoke's manager, invited him to practise on Stoke's ground. Before long he found himself on the staff, and, though Aston Villa had made tentative suggestions, it was Stoke's jersey that Stanley wore for the first time, at fifteen, as an amateur in the reserves.

Little over a year later, playing twenty-two matches in the second eleven, he was asked to turn pro. In a few years he was ranking as one of the outstanding players of the country; certainly the most talked about. In the opinion of some he was the most remarkable of his age, greater even than Billy Meredith, the Welsh winger of another decade.

Those who disagree will say that Stanley Matthews really isn't a match winner, that he is selfish with the ball and continually plays to the gallery. Hapgood once declared that Matthews dribbled for the sake of dribbling, that he was never content to have out-manoeuvred his opponent once, but had to do it again because it looked good.

It does. For his wizardry Matthews is accounted the biggest box office draw in football today.

Stanley affirms that his tactics are a deliberate attempt to break down the defence by destroying their confidence. It is an original technique. As a youngster he never made a study of the established stars. What he has developed after years of training is the rather cocky and tantalizing way with the ball that infuriated the Dynamos.

Jogging about untidily until the ball comes his way, he tucks it between his two small feet (size 6½). Then he waits for an opponent to lunge and takes the ball away with an ease and assurance that makes the opponent appear doped. Stanley gets away with it again and again. The secret, he says, is supreme confidence, great speed in short spurts (he practises with sprints of twenty yards), and ball control.

If a back is running alongside, one Matthews habit is to trick him into running in the wrong direction by turning the *right* foot in, so causing the back to think Matthews is going to cut back on his inside. The back hesitates. In that split second Matthews pushes the ball through on the outside with the *left* instep and centres.

With critics who say he is not a goal scorer, Stanley argues that a winger's job is not necessarily scoring goals but wearing down a defence and placing the ball in the best way for the other forwards to score. He agrees that by holding on to the ball almost to the corner flag, the opposing backs find time to run into position, but as a point of strategy it cancels out the possibility of an offside shot.

Stanley takes every aspect of the game seriously. All his life he has studied it with an intensity that is never on the surface of his slow-speaking and deliberate personality. Off the field he is shy; with strangers cautious, anything but a conversationalist.

Shrewd financially, which is not the rule with footballers, Stanley Matthews has always considered the day when his name will not be a magnet for crowds, but a memory.

Footballers, the most notoriously underpaid stars in the world, are out of the game when men in other professions are only just beginning to feel their way. Stanley, for all his box office value, has never earned any more than other League players—£10 a week in the season with £2 for a win and £1 for a draw. He knows of the sad straits to which some former "names" have been reduced, so he has, since the war at least, relegated football to the status of a passionate sideline.

YEARS ago he started a sports outfit shop with his father-in-law, Jimmy Vallance, Stoke's trainer. The shop closed with the war. Stanley is now in the hotel business, having taken over the twenty-eight bedroomed Romford Hotel, a smart little place on Blackpool's South Shore.

There has been a lot of bitterness expressed on the subject of Stanley Matthews's transfer to Blackpool. There has been a lot of speculation and a lot of wrong conclusions. This is straight gen. A business at Blackpool and having to play at Stoke involved a deal of strain which would have done neither any good. To live, work and play in Blackpool, therefore, was the only reasonable solution; directors of both sides agreed it was a solution worth £11,500.

But leaving his old team was something that amounted to physical pain. Sadly he said:

"Some day I'll go back to Stoke when my playing days are over, to meet the old friends I made during seventeen years with the club. Unfortunately, the old atmosphere has gone, but it is not for me to remember grievances. One thing I shall always remember was the loyalty of the Victoria ground crowd. They were always my friends. I shall miss them."

DENNIS HOLMAN



# Talking Points About LIBEL

THE LAW takes Shakespeare's view* that the theft of a good name by speech (Slander) or by writing "or other permanent record" (Libel) is a serious matter. A few words spoken in a moment of heat cost the speaker £2,000 recently.

★ ★ ★

Libel, being usually more carefully considered, is more serious than slander. For example, a wife whose stepson accused her slanderously of immorality was awarded £200, but a pet shop proprietor accused in leaflets of buying stolen dogs for vivisection was awarded £500.

★ ★ ★

Sir Alan Herbert, M.P. and humorist, concocted the following case: A man trained a parrot to repeat: "*Councillor Wart has not washed today.*" Problem: Is that slanderous because it was spoken, or libellous, assuming a parrot to be a permanent record?

★ ★ ★

Newspapers are always in danger of libel actions. A man once dictated a birth notice to an Irish newspaper. It was found that the woman concerned was housekeeper to a bachelor farmer, while the "child's" names were those of a farm labourer. The paper was sued.

★ ★ ★

A newspaper headlined a court case: "How Lawyer Brown Treats His Clients." This was libellous since the case disclosed ill-treatment of only one client. Altered to "How Lawyer Brown Treats His Client," the headline would still have been libellous, inferring that the lawyer had only one.

★ ★ ★

The offence is in the *effect* of what you say or write, not the *intention*. A wink can be slanderous if it slights a reputation. It might have been actionable when a woman stood outside a village school ostentatiously counting the number of scholars and the number of bottles in the milk delivery, because it implied the teacher's dishonesty. The old trick of leaving a bicycle marked "X Y Z Debt Collecting Agency" outside a house is also dangerous.

★ ★ ★

"Mrs. X is a pig." That is just rudeness, because Mrs. X obviously isn't. "Mrs. X is a pig because. . . ." is slanderous.

★ ★ ★

In 1908 a paper, reporting on the behaviour of Englishmen abroad, told of "unholy delight" of an imaginary Mr. Artemus Jones, churchwarden of Peckham, "in the society of female butterflies." A Mr. Artemus Jones, barrister, collected £1,750 damages, although neither Peckhamite nor churchwarden.

★ ★ ★

Husband and wife can say what they like about anyone to each other, so long as no one else overhears, because they are considered in law one person.

★ ★ ★

Libellous statements are said to be *privileged* if made in court or Parliament. Hence the words: "I invite the Hon. Member to repeat that remark outside the House."

★ ★ ★

A store detective might plead privilege if he wrongly accused a woman of shoplifting, with no third person listening. In a crowded shop the charge *may* be libellous, but the detective has a duty to his employer.

★ ★ ★

*Gatley on Libel and Slander*, a book of 962 pages in very small type, is the recognized authority on the subject. Many believe that the law (which often hits newspapers; often protects crooks) should be simplified. Norman Smith, M.P. (Lab., South Nottingham), tabled a motion calling for this last year.

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** Who steals my purse . . . steals trash . . . but he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed.—"Othello."*

Walking as though he was in a trance, Ted shot the whole trayload of beer over her

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

# Her mother came too

**Though a big man, Ted was putty in Kitty's hands till he was hypnotized—or was he?**

## SHORT STORY BY NEIL BELL

If ever there was a man of peace in this world it was Ted Crawley, landlord of the "Dog and Duck." And when I tell you that, you'll not be surprised to hear that he was the biggest and strongest man in Gadleigh, for I reckon your experience of life's about the same as mine or anyone else's, and if there's one thing life teaches it's that the littler a man is the bigger nuisance he is in a community.

And Gadleigh could demonstrate that great truth in the person of Bert Hoyle, the trapper, who stood no more than five feet and was a thorn under everybody's nail. But it's Ted Crawley I want to tell you about.

Ted had been landlord of the "Dog and Duck" since he was twenty, when his father died, and for the next five years his mother looked after him and ran the domestic side of the house, and Ted didn't seem to want anything else. It was a free house and the only pub in Gadleigh and a little gold mine.

We had quite a lot of visitors in the summer and most of them stayed at Ted's. Gadleigh's a pretty little place, but people didn't come for that, but because of the remains of a Roman villa, and our church, which is supposed to be the oldest in the country.

And so, what with one thing and another, Ted was a proper catch, and how he reached five-and-twenty without being caught is a marvel. It wasn't only the girls and widows of Gadleigh that were after him, but nice little pieces from Branton, Clopton, and as far afield as Shallbridge. And some of them pretty enough to make any man lose his caution and most of them fly.

Ted wasn't scared of women, or shy. Not a bit. He was pleasant and easy with them, like he was with everybody, but he just didn't want to marry. Or perhaps I should say his mother didn't want him to, which usually amounts to the same thing. She wanted him to herself. She was that sort. She made him as comfortable as only a mother can make a son she dotes on, and while she was mistress of the "Dog and Duck" no other woman stood a dog's chance of getting a look in.

Of course, it wasn't good for Ted. But that's life all over. It's astonishing how few enjoyable things are good for you.

And then Ted's mother died and tally ho! the hunt was up good and proper, and Ted stood about as much chance of escaping as a frog in a snake's mouth. I've great admiration and respect for women (not to mention warmer feelings) but the way some of them carried on was shameless. I won't relate the things they did because if you're a man you won't believe them, and if you're a woman you know them already.

I don't suppose Ted had any real choice in the matter any more than a fox has when it's thrown to the hounds but, well, when we heard who'd got him there was more than a bit of surprise in the village.

Not that there was anything against Kitty Upjohn. She was a bit on the small side but big men seem to like little women, although I always think they look a bit of a show out together. And she was pretty enough and golden-haired, too, which lots of men like, though I don't, for it's my experience they're the biggest liars of all and not to be trusted, in more ways than one.

But the Upjohns were the poorest family in the village. They weren't Ted's class at all. There were three of them: Mrs. Upjohn, who was a widow, and Kitty and Elsie, who were twenty-one and seventeen. Mrs. Upjohn was a nailer and if the late George Upjohn wasn't glad to be dead then the next world must be pretty tough.

How they managed to get along as well as they did was a puzzle. They did a bit of dressmaking and took in visitors in the summer, but there's not much in that, and yet they always dressed nattily and kept themselves nice and looked well fed

enough. I'm not saying anything against their respectability. They weren't that sort. And I've the best reasons for knowing.

Well, anyhow, Kitty Upjohn got Ted, and it'll show you just how deep the hook was in when I tell you they were married not eight months after Ted had buried his mother.

Don't run away with the idea that because Kitty hooked Ted he didn't want her. Want her! He was fair mad about her. And that's another thing I've got against golden-haired women. They make a man ashamed of his sex. Why, to see Ted look at Kitty when she was polishing glasses in the bar made you want to turn away. Made you feel a sort of Peeping Tom, if you see what I mean.

It soon became plain to everybody that Ted might be landlord of the "Dog and Duck," but Kitty was boss. Apart from Saturdays and Sundays Kitty wasn't a lot in the bar; but when she was we all knew it.

I don't suppose they'd been married more than a month when, one Saturday evening, Kitty leaned over the bar and said to Bert Fosdick, who had had a few and was telling something to Sid Fulcher: "We don't want any of that talk here. And I won't have any bad language, neither."

THERE weren't many there who didn't notice that "I" and some of us looked at Ted, but he was smoking his pipe and seemed quite happy. I suppose Bert Fosdick was a bit flabbergasted or he wouldn't have said what he did. "O, bliddy 'ell!" he said. "Well, give us another pint, missis."

"You've had quite enough," Kitty said, "you get off home."

You could hear everybody breathing. And then Bert Fosdick showed he *was* drunk or he wouldn't have been such a silly fool after twenty-five years of married life. He turned towards Ted (he'd been a friend of Ted's dad) and said: "Let's have a pint, Ted."

Ted didn't even look at Kitty. He pointed to the door and said: "Outside, Bert; and in future mind your tongue."

Bert took a long look at Ted, seemed about to speak, thought better of it, and went out. And after that, whenever Kitty was in the bar, most of us just smoked and said nothin

But, as I've said, Kitty wasn't often in the bar and it was in the house she made most changes. The staff didn't suit her and, in one way and another, by the time they'd been married a couple of years the old staff had all gone. It didn't seem to worry Ted much. He was as mad on her as ever and the business didn't suffer.

They say give people an inch and they'll take a mile and I reckon it's human nature. Anyhow, Kitty wasn't long in taking a mile by bringing Mrs. Upjohn and Elsie to live with them. And then things began to look like trouble, for Mrs. Upjohn began to carry on as if she owned the place, and so did Elsie.

The two of them liked serving in the bar and were soon almost elbowing Ted right out of it. They were even worse than Kitty about swearing and what not, and once it was "time" not another drop would they draw and everybody was hustled out like sheep through a gate.

Even when Mrs. Upjohn brought her sister's son, Henry (a pimply faced cocky young man), down from London and made him potman, Ted didn't show any signs of what he must have been feeling.

This Henry (Goodge his other name was) had oily black hair and a little black moustache like an eyebrow. He was a flashy dresser and fancied himself no end as a wisecracker and ladykiller. He used to pull Ted's leg in the bar and when Kitty was there he'd make eyes at her and talk to her almost as if they were sweethearts. I don't mean Kitty did anything towards it. She didn't.

Ted and Kitty didn't have any children. That was their business, although to hear some of the talk in Gadleigh you wouldn't think so.

Ted didn't need any children to keep him true to Kitty and when they'd been married five years he seemed more fond of her than ever although, except in size and good nature, he was no more like the Ted Crawley of his mother's time than I'm like the Archbishop of Canterbury.

And then there came to Gadleigh, for one night only, a chap who called himself Sekua, the Great Hypnotist, and the Parish Hall was packed out. The show started at seven and went on till half-past nine and in the front row sat Kitty, Ted, Elsie, and Mrs. Upjohn; and that'll show you what a draw this Sekua was, for no one had ever known Ted out of his bar for more than half an hour during hours. We heard afterwards that it was Mrs. Upjohn who'd told him to go.

You'll all know the sort of things these hypnotists do and so I won't waste time telling you except to say that for nearly two hours Sekua had men up from the audience, sometimes alone and sometimes in twos and threes, and made them get up to all sorts of antics and capers.

About nine o'clock, just when some of us were beginning to think more about beer than the wonders of science, Sekua pointed down to Ted and said: "Now, sir, may I have the honour of your presence on the platform?"

Ted smiled and shook his head and looked at Kitty, who smiled back and seemed about to say something, when Mrs. Upjohn (we called her "The Vulture" and it wasn't a bad name, what with her long nose, rabbits' teeth and scraggy neck) leaned across Elsie and said:

"Nonsense, Ted; you go up; perhaps he won't be able to do you."

Ted just looked at her and away quickly, and then he got up and with everybody cheering and clapping he walked up the steps at the side and out on to the middle of the stage.

Sekua shook him by the hand and told him to sit down, and as soon as Ted did so he fluttered his long fins all over him and said: "You feel sleepy; you're going to sleep; you're going to sleep; you're asleep," and, just like all the others, Ted's head fell a bit forward on his chest and his eyes closed. And then Sekua made him do all the antics and capers the rest had done. And at last he clapped his hands and blew in Ted's face and said: "You're awake."

BUT Ted didn't move and Sekua did some more clapping and blowing and at last Ted got up slowly and with his eyes half shut began to walk towards the front of the stage almost like a blind man.

Sekua pulled him half round and clapped his hands again and blew like a twelve-year-old with birthday candles on his cake; but Ted took no notice of him and shouldered him aside as if he was no heavier than a curtain in a doorway, and began to go down the steps slowly and carefully like a blind man and along the gangway towards the door.

"Hi! stop him!" Sekua shouted; "he's still under the influence and 'll do himself an injury." And George Wragg, the hedger-and-ditcher and the most God-fearing man in Gadleigh, jumped out of his seat and went up to Ted to stop him and got a crack on the jaw that knocked him flat and caused more silence than I've ever heard before in my life.

People just couldn't believe it had happened and everybody sat there dumb struck, and before they'd recovered themselves Ted, still walking like a blind man, had reached the door, pushed it open with his foot, breaking the catch, and was gone. It couldn't have been more than ten seconds before "The Vulture" was through the door, too, with Kitty and Elsie close behind. I reckon the Parish Hall was empty in less than five minutes.

Ted and "The Vulture," with Kitty and Elsie, must have reached the old "Dog and Duck" in a bunch; but there were a lot of us on their heels and we were in time to see something a lot better than the punch on George Wragg's jaw.

Henry Goodge was serving in the bar. He had one of the maids waiting on the table. The maid was a bold little black-haired piece called Maudie, and if you ask me there was more between her and Henry than she'd told her mother.

As Ted entered his bar, still walking in that dazed sort of half-blind way, Maudie, with a tray of beer, had to dodge out of his path and Henry sang out: "Nah, then, old cockalorum, if you can't 'elp don't 'inder, an' if you're feelin' like that you'd better go to bye-byes."

Ted didn't say a word. He moved over to the bar, pushed up the flap, and going over to the cash register took out some notes, counted out half a dozen, and slapped them down under Henry's nose.

And then he did speak and it was in a voice that nobody there recognized as Ted's. It was a sort of bellow that was half a snarl and the words stunned the bar into silence: "You're paid off, Henry. Out of my bar and out of the house first thing in the morning."

Henry smiled at him. "You get off to bed, Ted," he said, "you're not well. Take two haspirins——"

He didn't finish. Ted reached out for him, took him by the scruff, bundled him to the door at the back of the bar, and chucked him through; and by the crash he made he must have hit a dresser.

AND then Ted turned to Maudie. "The kitchen," he said, and jerked his thumb. She went. He looked over to Kitty, who was staring at him, her face white, and said, in a softer voice: "I shan't want you in the bar tonight, my dear," and she didn't say a word but walked out.

He gave "The Vulture" and Elsie a look and they hadn't nothing to say neither and followed Kitty. And until closing time he served in the bar; but he didn't say much and still looked half dazed.

Next evening, Kitty was in the bar with Ted and things didn't seem much different from usual, except that Ted must have still been under the influence by the way he walked and had his eyes half closed.

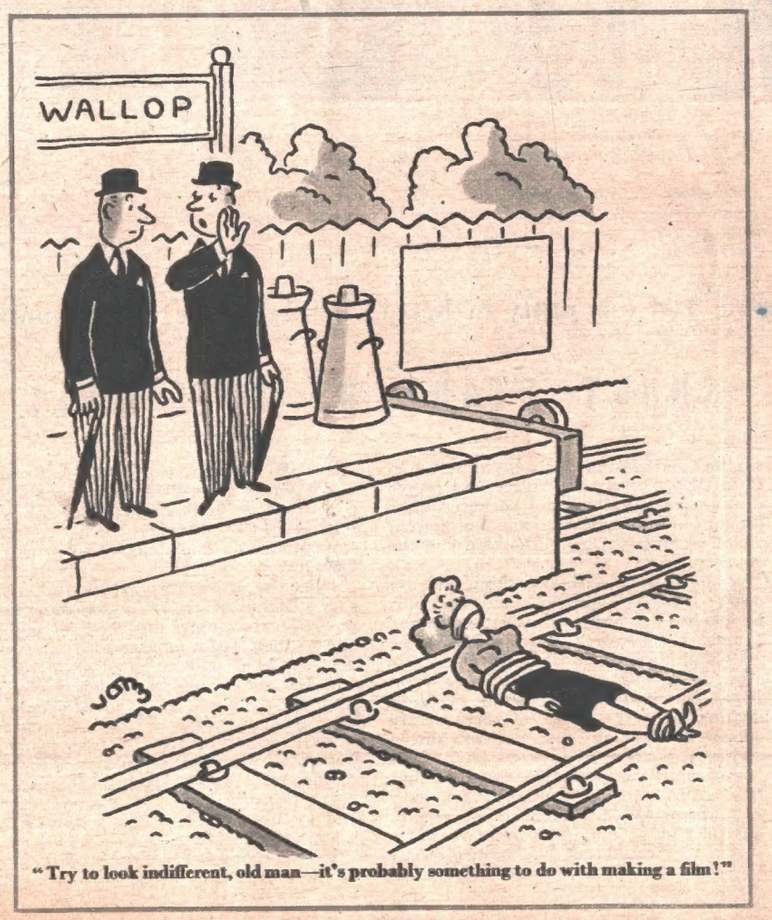
And then, about half an hour before closing time, "The Vulture" came into the bar and started to serve. Ted took no notice of her and presently he stumbled into her as if he hadn't seen her and she said something that hadn't been heard in the bar since Kitty ticked off Bert Fosdick.

Ted didn't seem to hear or even to see her and about five minutes afterwards when he was carrying a tray with about five pint mugs full of b. and b. he stumbled into her again and shot the lot over her. And then Elsie came running into the bar and began to scream. But Ted took no notice and after about half a minute "The Vulture" and Kitty and Elsie all went out of the bar together.

Now I'm not a married man and so I don't know what happened behind the scenes, as they say, but I do know that next day "The Vulture" and Elsie went back to their cottage and before another six months had left for London.

And by then the good old "Dog and Duck" was again the grand place it had been in the time of Ted's mother, as free and easy as Ted was himself. Ted had quite recovered from being hypnotized and was as fond of Kitty as ever he'd been. Almost as fond as she was of him.

Fond? The way she looked at him in the bar used to make me wish I was married.




"Try to look indifferent, old man—it's probably something to do with making a film!"

# GIVE THE KIDS A REAL BREAK, MR. TOMLINSON

by JOHN MAY

**The Government asks us to stagger our holidays. Many would gladly do so. But how? The school term is the trouble. It makes an August holiday practically unavoidable?**

**John May ("My three sons have joined the August rush to the seaside") presents . . .**

**. . . George Tomlinson, Minister of Education, with a plan for breaking the bottleneck**

THIS AUGUST MY THREE SONS, with the irrepressible enthusiasm of youth, joined once again in the mad, stifling rush to the seaside. This always marks one of the most expensive weeks of the year for me, but, even so, there is one adult I would cheerfully include in the party at no cost to himself.

He is a wiry little man with a pugnacious chin, and tufty eyebrows that lift impishly. His accent is pure Lancashire. His name: George Tomlinson, Minister of Education.

I'm sure that he would make a grand companion, with his sense of fun and his knack of producing a friendly atmosphere everywhere he goes.

Mr. T. is not to blame for the August rush, for the oceans of people watching the sea and the waves of youngsters that tumble round them. But from his predecessors in office he has inherited a partial responsibility for them and it is in his hands that the solution largely lies.

## Appeals Are Useless

All Britain's schools shut about the same time and it is Mr. Tomlinson's Ministry which, in August, pours forth a sudden torrent of five and a half million young holidaymakers.

In the face of this flood, what use is it for the Government to plead "stagger your holidays"?

How can the pressure be eased? Let us withdraw with our guest, the Minister of Education, into a quiet corner and discuss it—after a "softening up" process of being jostled on the pier, hustled on the beach, and sat on in the *Skylark*.

Instead of packing all those millions of sun-hungry Britons into the six weeks in and around August, some scheme must be thought up to utilize all of the eighteen to twenty delightful weeks which exist for the pleasure of holidaymakers between May and September.

In France, all schools close in summer for three months. The Long Vacation of our British universities covers July, August and September. If our schools did the same, there would be twice as much time for family holidays by the sea.

The trouble is that this August habit is too deeply ingrained in many people for them to change easily. It has been holiday time ever since they first went paddling.

But many others would be happy to "stagger," and peak pressure on the resorts would be almost halved by the double-length break from school.

Mr. Tomlinson might well interrupt here to protest against slicing six weeks off the nation's academic year.

In this he would be joined by a fair proportion of the nation's mothers—my wife included. "The school holiday is far too long now, without making it worse," they would chorus. "Three weeks is quite enough. After that the children only get bored and troublesome."

What complicates the situation even more is the present "Work or Want" drive, calling women to the factories and leaving them with even less time to keep an eye on the children.

Somebody, of course, *must* look after them, but the solution is surely not shorter but longer holidays. For to halve the holidays would be to cause an even more concentrated August stampede to the seaside resorts.

The August holiday "baby" on Mr. Tomlinson's lap turns out, then, to be twins. Simply stated, the two problems are:

1. The schools' summer vacation is too *short* for an adequate staggering of seaside weeks.

2. It is too *long* for the comfort of both parent and child when not actually away from home "holidaymaking."

If different schools had their summer vacations at different times, the first problem would be solved. But there are major snags in staggering the school year.

The whole educational machine is geared together like a clock from infant's school to university, with examination bells (entrance, scholarship, intermediate and full degree) chiming inexorably at stated times.

## Ever-open Schools

At school, you may remember, they set great store on keeping in step. It is an insurance against chaos. Much effort will be needed to convince educational authorities that mass staggering is a good thing.

But there is no use picking at the problem in small ways. In my opinion, the whole school year needs drastically rearranging to suit the nation's altered circumstances.

Summer holiday "leave" of two to three weeks should be granted to pupils individually, and at times spread over the season, as in business and the Services.

There is an immediate and powerful case for the schoolmaster to bear his share of the "Work or Want" burden. If both parents are working in industry, there should be a school camp or a holiday school for the children.

If some fixed holidays must be kept, let us drop the antiquated three-terms-a-year idea and have four quarterly terms of equal length.

Shut the schools four times a year for short periods only. Say, a fortnight at most for Christmas, at Lady Day in March, at Midsummer in June, and at Michaelmas towards the end of September. Keep the August, Easter and Whitsun Bank Holidays and Good Friday free, of course.

## Crux of the Plan

Then, to give everyone a chance to have a holiday without overcrowding, make the June-to-September term a "Summer School" period. This is the crux of the whole plan.

Have a lighter curriculum, less homework or none at all for the summer school. Organize more school sport, more swimming, more games. Take the children over factories and to our new national park areas. Let parents volunteer to help with the higher forms, and ask suitable older pupils to co-operate with teachers in looking after the younger ones.

Leave for holidaymaking would be granted for suitable periods to teachers and pupils alike, on application. But not more than a reasonable proportion would be away at the same time.

Already some parents take their children away from school for a "staggered" pre-August holiday. But this often interrupts studies and can never be more than a makeshift arrangement. It is not even a half-solution of our twin problem.

Some of the summer school atmosphere already prevails in certain upper forms of secondary grammar schools after the vital June exams. Pupils go on excursions, do unusual work in school and entertain pen-friend visitors from the Continent.

With the summer school plan universally adopted, no children would be thrown on to the streets for weeks, but all would be able to go away at a time to suit their parents, relations or friends. The holiday resorts would have an adequate summer population of visitors to keep them gay and busy, without the mad August onslaught.

It is plain that Britain's large August army of children needs a manoeuvre of Montgomery-like proportions to deploy it over the sands of summer.

Sitting together on some point high above the teeming beaches, I would explain this summer school plan to George Tomlinson, and only add at the end of it all: "Thou art the man!"

# DREAM HOMES A

## by EDMUN

**The lifting of controls in America has gi housing shortage as bad as Britain's, and m**

SLEEPING IN DAMP FOXHOLES during the war made the ever-optimistic American G.I. dream of beautiful postwar houses so well equipped that, as the current gag goes, even the bathrooms have bathrooms.

They kept on dreaming because they got half-promises from home of low-rent housing projects and liberal mortgage plans underwritten by the Federal Government. But when this nylon curtain was drawn aside, behind it was revealed a housing problem as serious for America's returned ex-Servicemen as yours in Britain: 18,000,000 people, after demobilization, started to live doubled up, partly because they couldn't find homes, but mainly because the cost of a home to themselves was far beyond their means.

So that, while the world's assessment of America as a land stuffed with food and dollars has a measure of truth, a more individual perspective would see that twenty-five to forty-five per cent of married ex-G.I.s are stuffed with their in-laws into rented rooms, hotels and trailers.

It is ironic that the G.I.'s dream house *is* for sale, but that he cannot afford it. The dollars he makes since he got out of the Army are barely enough to pay for the privilege of camping on the lawn. A vine-covered cottage in postwar America on a nice location with access to stores could cost 28,000 dollars (seven thousand pounds), plus a slight extra charge for the vine. While a four-room bungalow with minimum amenities would cost 11,000 dollars. If a G.I. had been quoted this price in combat he would probably have gone A.W.O.L. and shot the architect in rage.

### Castles in the Air

Why are there only houses for the rich in the land of plenty? After eighteen months' personal search for a place to settle my wife and baby, we have landed on the tip of Long Island, a three-hour journey from New York, and right by the sea. We have been lucky enough to find a small, comparatively old house which we share with another family at an inflated summer rental, but know we can rest easy until the end of September, even if we have to dig into our capital to do it. Then the search will start again.

In our neighbouring town, a rich, snobbish seaside resort, there are at least fifteen five- and eight-bathroom houses built within the past fifty years which the agents cannot let.

Yet houses for people with income levels which hardly exist any more are still being built by inflation-minded contractors.

Shortage of building materials and labour and the recent lifting of price control have made even the simplest dwelling a castle in the air. The profiteering incentive of the landlord, contractor and the builder rules the day. In eighteen months of looking for a place to live I have become convinced that these Big Three regard housing as their private racket and forget that it should be a public utility.

### "Welcome," Said the Profiteer

The first profiteer I encountered in my search for a house was a small man, but doing nicely in the jungle law of great demand and limited supply. I had just returned from overseas and was live bait for his advertisement in the *New York Times*: "Three- and four-room apartments to rent. Preference given to veterans." That was all; no information about the price or location—just a welcoming smile to ex-Servicemen.

I wrote saying I had just got out of the Army and that my wife and baby were arriving soon from England and would have nowhere to live. The letter verged on abjectness.

Weeks went by; I answered many other advertisements and eventually forgot I had ever written that particular letter. Then, two weeks before my wife was due to arrive, my landlady gave me a phone message which said that if I were interested in an apartment I should go immediately to an address on the East Side and ask for Mr. Reise.

I got down there quick. The house was in a depressing neighbourhood, with a pervading air of undisposed garbage and neglected tenement houses. I found the house just as the front door was being taken down for salvage.

Inside the house Italian carpenters were slapping plaster over crumbling walls and whitewashing over a filthy ceiling. With no apparent shame they covered over rotting plaster with fresh plaster, which, in the circumstances, couldn't last more than a month or so.

The floor had given way in several places. There were jagged holes through to the basement. Over these spots new boards were being hammered down.

"Where's Mr. Reise?" I asked one of the men.

**Reality came as a bitter anti-climax. Thous shacks like this, or to risk their married**

**War-wives dreamed of streamlined interiors like those in the fashion magazines. They are still dreaming**

# RE HARD TO GET

## D ANTROBUS

**ven rent sharks the green light to exploit a ake big money out of homeless ex-Servicemen**

**nds of families are having to live in dilapidated appiness by "digging in" with their in-laws**

He shook his head, not understanding English, and pointed with his brush to the ceiling. I went up. A man stopped hammering while I asked for Mr. Reise.

"You wanna job?" he said.

I told him, speaking slowly and clearly, the purpose of my visit. "If you wanna job," he said, "you gotta see the boss."

On the next floor the man understood the question but didn't know Mr. Reise. But I walked up to the next flight cheered by the fact that the English was improving the higher I went, though the condition of the house was getting worse. I was growing furious at the idea of what Mr. Reise was trying to get away with. And on the sixth floor I found a man who could answer my question.

Without stopping work he fished into his overalls pocket and handed me a slip of paper. On it was Mr. Reise's address. It was right on the other side of town and turned out to be a small paint shop.

"Is Mr. Reise here?" I asked the man behind the counter.

"Mr. Reise?" he said, eyeing me suspiciously. "I never heard of him." Wearily I went over the itinerary of the trip this far. When I had finished, "Herbie," he yelled to someone at the back of the store, "see this guy."

A man whose clothes were covered in paint appeared and beckoned me to follow him into the little room at the back. He went over to a pile of about two hundred letters.

### They Plead, They Implore

"The boss told me to sort out five of the best letters. You should read some of these," he said.

"Apartments are very hard to get," the man went on musingly, as I studied these pleas which were more like applications for life-long jobs than answers to an advertisement.

"What did you think of the apartment?" the man asked me.

I told him that it was a bad neighbourhood for a child to grow up in. I was saving what I really thought until I met Mr. Reise.

"Where can I see Mr. Reise?" I asked.

The man began to hedge. "Mr. Reise doesn't want to see anyone for a while," he said. "You see, the apartments won't be ready for three or four months yet. Mr. Reise just wanted to get an idea about who's interested and a general idea of how much they'll pay."

My wife arrived from England with the baby two weeks after I had followed up Mr. Reise's cruel hoax in the *New York Times*. While we jointly looked for a place, we squeezed ourselves into an hotel room. It had no cooking facilities so we had to eat all our meals in restaurants and cafeterias.

### Not a Hope, Unless—

Then began the tour of real estate agents in Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx—most Manhattan agents displayed signs in their windows: "No apartments; no listing; no suggestions"—and we soon became aware that they expected something more than a simple request for a place to live. One Brooklyn agent took an interest in my wife's overcoat buttons which are handmade bronze medallions which she bought in Paris before the war.

"Say, those are beautiful buttons," he said. "Say, I might have a place in a week's time."

"How's that?" I said, stunned by his optimism—it was the first we had encountered.

"Well, those buttons *would* make up into nice ear-rings," he said. "My wife likes nice ear-rings."

There was an agent, though, in Jackson Heights of whom we grew quite fond. He greeted us with: "Come in. Sit down. Make yourself at home. I haven't rented anything for two years. But come in anyway and rest your weary bones. The only reason I'm here is because my wife gets mad seeing me loaf around the house."

I always made a point of visiting this agent when we were in Jackson Heights, not to ask him about apartments, but to take him out for a drink.

Since it soon became clear there was neither a flat nor a house we could rent or afford to buy, I then did what every other ex-Serviceman did: obeyed the inevitable suggestion that I should build my own home. Ex-Servicemen can get a special priority to build. But my priority as a prospective house builder turned out to be as little use as a hunting licence in New York. I discovered that building costs and land values had increased approximately fifty per cent over prewar level.

Our hunt for a house has not ended yet. All we know is that Congress will undoubtedly remove another peg from rent control, and that we and the other 18,000,000 will be "farther out on a limb."

**Idyllic postwar home for the G.I.s—a vine-covered cottage. No shortage here, for anyone with £7,000!**

*Are you happy in your leisure?*

# THEY DIG FOR HISTORY

**Meet the amateur archaeologists. John Bull, reporting on people with hobbies, tells the story of enthusiasts who dig—not to grow roses or marrows—but to unearth history**

CROSS OVER LONDON BRIDGE from the City any fine Tuesday or Friday evening and carry on down Borough High Street to Newcomen Street. Turn off past the "King's Arms" on the right—suddenly there is a wide clearing in Southwark's bricks and mortar.

The jagged walls are grass-softened now, the gaping basements so sedate and tidy they seem part of the natural scenery rather than relics of the blitz. The place is a paradise for the local kids. Little groups of them play happily about among the broken walls.

But wander around a bit and maybe you'll begin to be aware of something a little odd about one particular gang grubbing about in a bombed basement.

These "children" seem very large. And remarkably quiet. And some of them seem to have come in motor cars Look again . . . and you see that they're full-grown men and women.

Two girls crouch at the bottom of a trench, probing about with pointed trowels. A man hauls up a bucket full of soil on the end of a rope. A woman in a yellow jumper squats writing in a notebook. And, at the far end of the site, there's a chap with a folding rule, and another jotting things down on a scrap of paper.

Each is utterly engrossed in his or her job.

And digging up history *is* a serious business. For that is what they are doing on this very ordinary bombed site in this very ordinary street. In office hours these men and women are teachers and clerks and engineers and architects; but in the evenings they are archaeologists, digging up our past, uncovering the intimate lives of our forebears and getting as much of a thrill from turning up a few bits of Roman pottery as Mr. Howard Carter ever got from opening King Tut's tomb.

The woman in the yellow jumper seems to be running the show. Let's have a word with her.

She's a professional, Miss Taylor from the Institute of Archaeology in Regent's Park. She picks up the roll of paper lying on the earth beside her, a map of Southwark studded with little black oblongs. Each oblong represents a bombed site. Across the streets and the oblongs run parallel dotted lines which *could* be Roman roads.

## Non-stop Until Nightfall

The man with the folding rule comes over from the end trench to consult Miss Taylor, the professional. P. L. Styles, of Temple Sheen Road, East Sheen, is, in office hours, a surveyor with the Middlesex County Council.

"I expect we'll be here till it goes dark about nine tonight," says Styles. "Don't quite know why—but I find it's pretty hard work, too. I'm usually quite whacked by the time I get home, aren't you, Bernard?"

Bernard is twenty-three years old Bernard Middleton, of Kinross Close, Kenton, near Harrow, a bookbinder at the British Museum, not long out of the Navy, and for him archaeology is one of the new-found pleasures of peace. "*My* enthusiasm is greater than my knowledge," he says.

The centre trench is now down to the natural sub-soil, ten feet below the surface—twenty if you count from the street level. And two-thirds of the way down the wall of the trench you can see a faint red mottled layer running straight across the earth face like strawberry jam in a chocolate cake.

For Styles and Middleton that red layer was quite something.

"See, it had a camber on it," says Middleton.

"And you can just make out the wood-lined ditch here," says Styles, jumping into the trench and tracing lines on the soil of the end wall with a trowel.

It seems the red layer may be a Roman road—connecting, perhaps, with the famous Watling Street.

In the fullness of time a few more details may be sketched into the picture of the London the Romans knew.

"I know a lot of people think all Roman roads were made from great chunks of stone," says Middleton. "But there were a lot of metalled roads as well, made from iron slag concrete."

## Clues in the Tray

A girl climbed out of the cross trench carrying a shallow iron tray. It bore the product of an hour's painstaking sifting and probing of the soil.

The stuff in the tray was the sort of nondescript collection that might be found at the back of anybody's garden. No coins, no bronze vases, not a single arrowhead. . . .

Yet to the skilled archaeologist many of these bits of tile and glass and pot and bone would yield a story, filling in another fragment in this slow-building jigsaw of Roman Southwark, just as this jigsaw itself would, completed, fill in another tiny hole in the larger jigsaw of Roman Britain.

There were lots of bits of red tile in the tray and a fragment of stoneware ("probably early seventeenth century," pronounced Miss Taylor). There were bits of oyster shell ("The Romans were hot on oyster shells. We're always finding them in their rubbish heaps"). There was a twisted bit of bone ("We always keep the bone for examination"), and a bit of an earthenware plate, brown with white streaks ("two-coloured drag, popular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries").

And there were two broken bits of clay pipes. The diggers were well used to clay pipes. They are turning up all the time. For the soil files away its history impartially. And this was the site of Marshalsea Prison, the old Admiralty jail abolished in 1849 and referred to in *Little Dorrit*.

As the work goes on the clues from the trays are packed away with their labels in brown paper bags. At the end of the "dig" they'll go over to the Institute of Archaeology. Then, Saturdays, some of the amateurs go over there and wash their week's finds before the Institute's experts go to work on them, building up the picture.

You need plenty of patience in this game—the scientific approach, in fact. For a find like the Mildenhall Treasure, which was unearthed in Suffolk in 1942, doesn't come to light every day—and even when it does, it's ten to one some ploughman or builder's labourer turns it up.

Digging may go on for a day, for a week, with every bit of soil carefully sifted and every fragment of bone or pot scrutinized, and, at the end, nothing of much interest may be found. So far, on this Newcomen Street "dig" a few coins and one or two nice bits of Samian ware have turned up. "But I've not had the luck to be in on any of the finds," said Middleton. Except the French franc we found stuck in the side of a trench . . . that was the kids, of course."

**Is this a find for Bernard Middleton, ex-Naval man? For him "historical" spadework adds zest to civvy street**

The local kids, naturally, find the archaeologists an excellent addition to bombed site sports. At first they made all sorts of irregular contributions to the proceedings, but when that began to pall, some of them took an interest in playing the game according to the rules. They've turned in some quite useful finds. But this, and other, bombed sites are scheduled for building and the L.C.C. Housing Department waits for no man—not even Julius Caesar. So all through August the "dig" has been speeded up.

## "Digs" Are Open to All

Anybody who's interested is welcome to go along and ply a curious trowel. The Institute of Archaeology keeps a register of people who would like to dig and for a fee of a shilling or so keeps them posted with news of all the "digs" which are going on in their area. At present something like thirty excavations are in progress in various parts of the country.

Styles says it was a book in the public library that started him off—Atkinson's *Field Work in Archaeology*. He was so interested that he wrote to Atkinson at Oxford to ask how he could get in on it. Atkinson referred him to the London Institute of Archaeology—and so here he was.

"I feel it's a hobby where you're doing something useful and well, sort of, in however small a way, adding to the fund of human knowledge."

Middleton agrees: "People often say to me: 'What's the use of it?' I tell them that lots of people are interested in history, in the past. Archaeologists provide the evidence for history. And, you know, when you actually find and handle bits of implements and things people used centuries ago . . . well, it's so different from just reading about it. The penny drops, so to speak."

HENRY FIRTH

# FREE SPEECH

**On Hollywood's Wail**

**Britain's save-dollars tax on film imports, the subject of this week's first letter, has ruffled the urbane-looking city of Hollywood**

**On Odd-Job P.O.W.s**

**German p.o.w. goes to work. What should one pay these men for odd jobs? The present system seems chaotic, says a reader**

ONE OF THE BEST LAUGHS ever to come out of Hollywood is not to be found on the screen but in the pitiful wailings of the film moguls about the new tax imposed by the wicked British Government on their "super-epics."

When they see a part of the jam being taken off their bread and butter they threaten reprisals and swear that every American will hate us.

Perhaps they haven't heard that we in this country are struggling to get enough bread to go round, let alone the jam and butter.

It won't do them any harm to start living a slightly more Spartan life as their contribution to world recovery.

At all events I hope the Government sticks to its guns.—G. DAVIES, Ringcroft, Pentre Road, Pontardulais, Swansea.

### Wage—Sixty Cigarettes

A FEW WEEKS AGO I employed a p.o.w. from a local camp to do some gardening jobs for me—two hours each evening, seven hours on Saturday.

He made me understand he wanted two shillings an hour. He was a splendid worker and I was quite satisfied. Later a friend told me I might get into trouble because nobody else she knew of gave the p.o.w.s any money for such work. I have since made a few inquiries and have come across what I think is a remarkable state of affairs.

Mr. A. paid his p.o.w. 10s. a week for painting and decorating some cottages. Mr. B. paid 1s. 6d. an hour for farm work. Mr. C., for work on his market garden, gave a p.o.w. sixty to eighty cigarettes a week. (He asked the p.o.w. what he did with the cigarettes as he did not appear to smoke himself. The p.o.w. replied: "I send them all to my wife in Germany. She buys black market food with them.") Mr. D., for jobs in his workshop and yard, gave a few cigarettes and an occasional half crown. —C. R., Norfolk. (Name and address enclosed.)

### "Broke" but Unbowed

BRITAIN KNOWS, at long last, that she is "flat broke." Then let her take heart from this:

I am almost thirty-eight years of age and have been "broke" ever since I can remember. I entered the R.A.F. in March, 1930, "flat broke," and finished nine years later still "broke."

I was "broke"—very much so—during the next three years spent in the much abused Civil Service and during four years in the Royal Marines. I never knew what it felt like to have a "wad" in my wallet until I received my sergeant's gratuity of £68 odd after I was demobbed. That "wad" vanished in exchange for the few items of Utility furniture I was able to get for that sum.

I've been kicked around in Iraq, Egypt, India (not Poona, old boy), Ceylon and South Africa, and I finish up as a £6 a week clerk and shorthand typist.

And yet, here I am, still very much alive and kicking, more in love with my wife than ever (she's expecting her first in December)—and more in love with life than ever.—J. BRANNON, 1610 Bristol Road, South Rednal, nr. Birmingham.

### It Shames Gossips

TEN MILES FROM HERE is a bit of England which all Americans regard as their own. It is the part of Brookwood Cemetery entirely given over to the graves of American soldiers who died during war service.

It may surprise those people who believe English girls merely mixed with G.I.s for what they could get out of them that many English girls still visit the graves and place their flowers upon them with care and tenderness.—MRS. R. L. TURVEY, Pine View, Hale Crescent, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey.

### Unfair to Scotland

OUR GOVERNMENT is giving sanction to the immediate building of a road bridge over the River Severn, employing a vast army of labour and much material. This is an injustice to Scotland.

A Scottish plan for a much less ambitious bridge over the River Forth, vital for her further development, has been shelved by the Government. Reason given? Shortage of labour and material. —A. M., Edinburgh 6. (Name and address enclosed.)

### Remobilize the V-sign

I DO NOT AGREE with the reader who complains because the B.B.C. are still using the V-sign on the European service.

May I remind him that the V-sign brought hope and courage to millions suffering under Nazi persecution and there are still many today who look to us for moral leadership in the world, for freedom and establishment of the rights of man.

I would go further and suggest that the B.B.C. play the V-sign on the Home programme as an answer to the Jeremiahs who are going about saying that Britain is finished and that we have "had it." —A. L. CODLING, 30 Tilehouse Street, Hitchin, Herts.

### The Church and the People

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE, including Maureen Chandler ("What are the churches doing?" JOHN BULL, August 9) seem to be under a misapprehension as to who or what constitutes the Church.

If Maureen Chandler and others, being nominally Christians, would ask: "Precisely what am I, as part of the Church, doing; do I or do I not attend any place of worship?" there can be no doubt bigger and bigger results would soon be seen.

One might as well ask what is wrong with a factory when the administrative staff is doing its job but the operatives are either absent from the works or otherwise not pulling their weight.—WILLIAM M. CURTIS (Lay Reader), Kexby, Gainsborough, Lincs.

### Saints in Homespun

PARSONS RIGHTLY OBJECT to people who insult Christ by coming to Church only three times—to be christened, wed and buried.

Maureen Chandler forgets, also, that among the apparently smug and self-satisfied ninety-nine of her hypothetical congregation there are bound to be at least a dozen unsung saints in homespun, obeying the Scriptural injunction to "forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." — C. H. WORRALL, 119 Reddal Hill Road, Old Hill, Staffs.

### Semi-Literate Voters . . .

I HEARTILY AGREE with your correspondent, L. Murray Elliott (JOHN BULL, August 9), who says that as long as unintelligent, semi-literate citizens have the same voting power as people of intellectual standing, democracy will be at best a farce and at worst a positive danger.

At least some knowledge of politics and economics should be made a necessary qualification for a vote.

Then, perhaps, we would have more reasoned argument and less of the rhetoric and mass emotionalism which characterize our elections. — J. S. CROWTHER, 14 Godstone Road, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

### . . . Intellectual Few

D. MURRAY ELLIOTT SAYS: "How much better is government by the intellectual few than by the untutored many."

May I first of all inquire *for whom* this system of government would be better?

Secondly may I point out that had the "intellectual few" not restricted secondary education to a minority while they were in power the "untutored many" would by now be non-existent.—MISS D. M. JUDD, 25 Downham Road, Ely, Cambs.

### Praise for Young Fathers

MAY I, AS AN OLD READER of JOHN BULL, aged eighty, give high praise to many of our returned fighting men. Through my window I watch these young fathers pushing prams. I notice many twin prams. A proud example!

In my young days it was looked upon as almost a disgrace for a father to wheel a pram. So good luck, boys, carry on! *P.S. I have had twelve children.*—MRS. A. BROWN, 65 Craig Street, Darlington.

### Protest from America

I AM ONE OF JOHN BULL'S regular American readers and, as a rule, enjoy your articles.

The exception was Roland Wild's commentary on the youth of America, "Junior is a Stranger."

Wild draws a picture of Americans as a loose-moralled lot. He enlarges on the immorality of American college life, says girls carry pictures of themselves in the nude.

As a student at one of the larger American universities I find no evidence to substantiate Wild's impressions.

If he were to describe the youth of England to Americans in the pattern he has used in the article he would infer that the acts and habits of some East End urchins were typical of the generation as a whole.

Wild says American parents play a small part in the upbringing of their children. He speaks of two camp vacations (average length two weeks) as if

## THIS WEEK'S COVER

ALBERT WHITEAR, painter of this week's cover, "Harvest Refresher," loves the countryside as much as any Englishman. After many years of landscape painting he finds his greatest delight in depicting the rural scene through character studies of countrymen and their animals. Unlike some people, Whitear does not go to the country to get away from man but to discover him, and thus he discovered the carter and his horse drinking deep at the close of a hot day. The carter was only too happy to relax while Whitear sketched him. The horse just cocked a watchful eye on the intruder—and went on drinking.

by Ian Fox

## Don Juan, 1947

DON JUAN emerged from his chalet on his first day at the holiday camp wearing a pair of American-style swimming shorts. They had on them a lot of palm trees and the message, "Come and Get Me."

"Hiya, sister!" he said to a pretty brunette who strolled by. "Let's you'n me go places."

"I can't," she said. "I'm on my way to the Lads and Lassies Physical Glamour Class. We do lovely exercises."

"And after that?" asked Don Juan.

"After that we have a three-mile paperchase. The Lads chase the Lassies. Are you coming?"

"Include me out, sister," said Don Juan. "I don't approve of wasting paper."

He spotted a cute little blonde. "Hiya, sister——" he began.

"Sorry, I'm in a hurry," she said. "The symphony concert in the Tudor Refectory starts in five minutes."

"Hiya, sister," he said to a tall girl in shorts. "Did the bees make you, honey?"

"Can't stop," she said. "Just going to change for the Ladies versus Gents Fancy Dress Cricket Match."

He approached a girl by the swimming pool. "You're just in time," she said. "Father Neptune is here and it'll be ever so jolly."

One of Father Neptune's henchmen threw Don Juan into the water, where he was ducked unmercifully by a team of muscular mermaids from Manchester.

He spluttered his way back to his chalet and thought he might as well get spivved up for the dance in the evening.

In the dance hall, he booked a nice little blue-eyed girl. The dance was a Paul Jones. Then he caught a nice little brown-eyed girl. It was an "Excuse me" dance.

He was making headway with a nice little tawny-eyed girl when a band followed by a procession of 3,000 campers invaded the hall singing a good night song.

In the marching crowd, Don Juan found a ravishing redhead and, as the procession passed her chalet, they fell out together. "Good night," she said. "I share this chalet with two girl friends, and my mum and dad sleep next door."

Don Juan returned wearily to his own chalet and found that someone had made him an apple-pie bed.

# FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

they were devices which alienate the affections and understanding of a child.

Yet when I was in England I did not notice this happening to children who were sent away to boarding school for periods much longer than fourteen days or a month.

To say that the average American youngster is a stranger to his parents and that parental influence "just doesn't exist" is untrue.—CHARLES DE BURGH DALY, 4604 Cheltenham Drive, Bethesda 14, Maryland, U.S.A.

### Last Words to Britain

MY FAMILY AND MYSELF are returning to South Africa, our native land. I shall take with me a memory of the great fighting spirit of the people of these wonderful islands.

My farewell message to the British people is: "You are definitely not fighting a losing battle. Is it not better to take time and do a job well rather than hurry, scurry, and have to do it all over again?"—J. LA TIEF, 75 Warrender Park Road, Edinburgh 9.

### Idiot's Delight

RECENTLY I STOOD IN A QUEUE for forty minutes and was the delighted recipient of three second-rate saucers at 6½d. each. I was very pleased as I had waited five years for a few odd saucers.

But the following day my mood changed. I went to Southport and there on the fairground was an amusement stall packed with cups, saucers and plates. A man offered a prize to anyone who could break three pieces of crockery at "four balls for sixpence."

And there, like delighted schoolchildren, men were queueing up to "have a go," while housewives watched with breaking hearts and envious stares at the piles of crockery waiting to be broken.

Three youths were kept busy sweeping up the broken pieces. I need add no comment.—MRS. R. B. (Name and address enclosed.)

### The Same Old Tunes

MUST WE HAVE these cinema organ interludes in film shows? A recent cinema programme I saw included a twenty-minute "turn" of ear-splitting cacophony. All the tunes played could have been heard at any time of day (and half the night) on the radio.

The audience was obviously bored with the whole business. Not a single hand-clap was heard as the organ sank into the bowels of the stage.

Yet in the same programme they could find room for no more than a five-minute newsreel. Surely one does not go to the cinema to be deafened by one of the most unharmonious musical instruments ever invented.

Is there, perhaps, a glut of cinema organists? If so, I think Mr. Shinwell could find a use for them.—R. B. G., Wanstead, London, E.12. (Full name and address enclosed.)

### Our Miners' Kit

YOUR SCOTTISH READER, Mrs. W. Anderson, is very wide of the mark in thinking the Russian miner is better equipped for work than the British miner (JOHN BULL, August 2).

At the pit where I work one can be issued with goggles, knee pads, safety helmet, safety boots with steel toecaps, and eyeglasses with special thick lenses, if one needs them.

And the miner here certainly looks on his home as his castle—even if it is not furnished like one.—JOHN CASEY, 7 Norwood Avenue, Astley, nr. Manchester.

### Popularity Poll

WHICH POLITICIAN in the history of this country has achieved the greatest popularity? Judging by public house signs it seems to be Sir Robert Peel, with Lord Palmerston second.

One of these days we shall perhaps see

the "Attlee Arms" and the "Bevin's Head."—L. HART, 57 Mandrake Road, Tooting, S.W.17.

### The Bait, The Reality

THE GOVERNMENT, through its slogans and posters, has made it clear to the young man of today that he is wanted in the Army and the R.A.F.

As a member of the latter service I note with surprise that concessions which to many men were the first advantage and attraction of service life are slowly being dispensed with.

Recently cigarette price concessions were withdrawn and we learned we must pay for replacement and repair of uniforms and kit. Now we hear that we must pay full rail fare when going on leave and the number of free travel warrants has been reduced.

True, there have been pay increases to counteract the increased drain on the Serviceman's pocket.

But don't tell me this is the way to attract men to the Services.—A.C.2 D. P. T., Wilts. (Name and address enclosed.)

### Monty Spoils Them . . .

SO AN R.A.S.C PRIVATE moans because he has to fold his blankets tidily and lay out his kit for inspection (JOHN BULL, August 9). What do these fellows want—a wet nurse?

Monty has ruined the Army as it is by giving soldiers bedside lamps, weekends off and no church parades.

In my day (1922-41) when the cavalry had horses, we had to keep our buttons, saddles, sword, lance and rifle clean, and every Friday afternoon had to scrub out the barrack room. Be thankful, you young soldiers, that you have a bed and no worries like rent, coal or light.—E. CARTWRIGHT, 5 West Haddon Road, Guilsborough, Northampton.

### . . . Carry On, Sar'nt-Major!

IN NO SPHERE does the saying, "Give him an inch and he'll take a yard," apply more aptly than in army life. I have seen fit, healthy and happy men become a dirty, grumbling rabble in a mere month when discipline has been relaxed.

Lowering the standard of Service discipline during the war years has attracted spiv types to the Army. Sterner discipline is now needed.—R. SNAPE (Ex-C.S.M., R.A.S.C.), 83 Sandown Road, London, S.E.25.

### Grace Golden's Bandstand

YOUR VERY COLOURFUL and lively cover (JOHN BULL, August 2) has attracted considerable attention in Eastbourne. But with due deference to the artist, Grace Golden, may I point out that our present bandstand is not quite as quaintly Victorian as the cover would suggest!—JOHN BATTEN, County Borough of Eastbourne Publicity Department, Sussex.

∴ Though a visit to Eastbourne gave the artist the idea for the cover, the finished painting was a composite impression.—EDITOR.

### Bane of a Girl's Life

WHY ON EARTH are women urged to "keep that schoolgirl complexion"? Almost every girl in our form has spots or blemishes on her face.

As for me, I shall only be too glad to lose my "schoolgirl complexion."—"SCHOOLGIRL," Epsom, Surrey. (Name and address enclosed.)

★ *LETTERS intended for this feature should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address of the sender must be given (preferably, though not necessarily, for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

## JOHN BULL QUIZ

### STARS

(1) What is the difference between an astronomer and an astrologer? (2) Is there any self-luminous star nearer to earth than the sun? (3) How can one detect with the naked eye that some stars are cooler than others? (4) Which constellation points to the Pole Star? (5) How many stars on the American Stars and Stripes?

### WORDS

(1) What did the great Barnum mean by his notice "To the Egress"? (2) What are "dum-dums," "ha-has"? (3) What hue is livid? (4) What is a basilisk glance (or stare)? (5) How would you scan a page?

### SOUTH AMERICA

(1) What is the *bolas*, used by the Gauchos? (2) Who is Eva Peron, who nearly visited Britain this summer? (3) "Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, They had stolen my soul away," wrote W. J. Turner. What are they? (4) Which single country covers about half of South America? (5) Why did investigators set off from Peru on a raft this year?

### RADIO

(1) What do the terms "cross-fade" and "bridge" mean in radio drama? (2) For what are these people well known in radio: Cynthia Pugh; Francis Worsley; Raymond Glendenning; Jean Pougnet? (3) Who are the heads of the B.B.C. departments of drama; features? (4) When the wartime *Merry-Go-Round* gave rise to three programmes, one retaining the original title, what were the others called? (5) What is "F.M.," which we are told will revolutionize radio?

### MEDIEVAL ENGLAND

(1) Why is Hereward the Wake famous? (2) Who summoned, in 1265, what is regarded as the first Parliament? (3) Should it be Magna Charter, Magna Charta, Magna Carta, or Magna Cartha? (4) What was the Domesday Book? (5) Which archbishop was murdered to please Henry II?

(*Answers on page 22*)

# WAITING FOR THE BUS

by ANTHONY PARKER

**As a thriller fan Brown should have known what to do when he was taken for a ride. But one must be born tough to work the Bogart "get-away" in real life**

USUALLY HE WOULD finish work at half past five; then he would leave the bank, walk up to the top of the street and cross the heath, and then wait where the road into the town began, on the far side of the heath.

He would have to wait between four and five minutes before the bus came towards him up the road. It would turn round, and then he would get on and wait patiently while the conductor and the driver each smoked a cigarette and chatted, leaning on the radiator in summer, or sitting just inside the doorway, downstairs, in winter.

After this ritual, and the checking of watches, the journey back into the town would begin. Usually Mr. Brown sat at the front, upstairs, but sometimes another passenger or two would be waiting with him and would occupy his seat; in that case he would take his second favourite seat—at the back.

The passengers varied; no one else was a "regular." Week by week, the driver and the guard varied, but Mr. Brown caught the bus every night, except Saturday and Sunday.

Sometimes he did not catch the bus at his usual time; occasionally he would work late at the bank, and not catch it until half past eight, or even nine o'clock. On those nights his wife would worry until he arrived home; on other nights she hardly even noticed his key in the lock at five past six.

When he had been working late, Mr. Brown would wait patiently at the edge of the heath for the bus; sometimes he had only a few minutes to wait, sometimes as much as ten minutes; but he never became impatient; he had risen, in thirty years, to the position of senior clerk at the bank, because of his affable nature and his ability to persevere.

HE had never once been late for work and had always been prepared to work late at such times as the half-yearly balance, or in crises such as when a shortage was discovered on the books.

Only once in thirty years had he nearly refused to work late; but he did not refuse—it was only "nearly." On that occasion he had arranged with his wife that they should go to see a murder film at the local cinema, and he knew how disappointed she would be if he arrived home too late to go; moreover, he particularly wanted to see it himself.

But one-and-fourpence was missing and his principles triumphed; he work late. His wife was consoled with promise that if ever the film came to any other cinema within reach, they would make a special journey to see it. It never did.

This disappointed Mr. Brown long after his wife had forgotten about it, for he was an enthusiastic supporter of murder films—his enthusiasm being one of those things for which there is no explanation, since by nature he was neither murderous nor capable of inspiring murder.

But just as a hangman will enjoy the sweet air of the hills, so will a bank clerk enjoy the subtleties of murder. Mr. Brown was an ardent admirer of Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart, and although his admiration never tempted him to emulation, it provided him with much innocent pleasure.

Usually he finished work at half past five. But on this particular night—he had warned his wife that he would be working very late on the half-yearly balance—he found himself crossing the heath at ten o'clock.

As he stumbled along in the darkness, he tried hard to remember whether the last bus left the edge of the heath at ten or quarter past; but, unable to decide, he made up his mind to wait for a quarter of an hour and then, if no bus appeared, to walk home.

Arriving at the terminus, he waited; the road was deserted; there was no sign of a bus, and no one else was waiting. He wondered vaguely why no one had ever thought of putting a street lamp at the bus stop—the nearest was a hundred yards away down the road.

Once a dog startled him by scuttling across the grass behind him, sniffing. He turned up the collar of his coat and pulled his hat down. The night was not very dark; the moon was veiled but not hidden by the clouds, and in the faint light he could discern the beginning of the road and a few bushes which marked the edge of the path across the heath. After five minutes, there was still no sign of a bus; everything around him seemed bleak and forgotten.

MR. BROWN was conscious of standing on the edge of a town, on the edge of civilization. Behind him stretched the emptiness of the heath, before him the emptiness of the road—but the road, artificial, made by men, was consequently more comforting in prospect than the heath.

He clutched his attache case, containing his carefully folded sandwich papers and morning newspaper, stamped his feet, and whistled softly to himself. He peered down the road. Nothing.

Suddenly a harsh voice behind him said: "Good evening, Badger."

He was about to turn round and say "I'm sorry, I'm not Badger," when he felt something small and round pressed against his back. "Don't move," said the voice.

Mr. Brown stood perfectly still. He was frightened by the tone of the man's voice, and the hard thing stuck in his back kept him somehow balanced, upright, as though he were horizontal and it was applied to his exact fulcrum.

Then he realized that it was a revolver. It was familiar because he had seen it happen so many times on the films that he could experience the exact sensation when he saw it happen. And now it was happening to him, in reality, he knew precisely what it was. He made a slight movement, more from relief at knowing what it was than anything else.

"Stand still," snarled the man, "unless yer want a bullet in yer guts." Mr. Brown stiffened into immobility.

"Yer didn't think we'd catch up with yer so soon, did yer Badger?" the voice went on. "Just a lucky break, that's all; I saw yer down the street there and followed yer; but I never thought yer'd be so soft as ter stand 'ere all on yer lonesome like—not with your conscience."

"But——" began Mr. Brown.

"Shut yer trap!" The revolver pressed harder into his back. "Don't

**"Keep goin'" said the voice. "And remember, I'm right be'ind yer"**

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

try none of yer tricks; yer not gettin' away so easy this time. One squeak out of yer and I'll drop yer 'ere and now."

Mr. Brown wondered what he should do. It was obvious that the man behind him was in earnest; it was obvious, too, that this was a simple case of mistaken identity. If he could just explain . . . but he had no wish to be shot in the back merely because he was too impatient to establish his identity. He realized he would have to wait until a more opportune moment, since the man was certainly in no mood to listen to anything he might say now.

Mr. Brown decided that the best thing to do would be to say something of an introductory nature, something that would give him a chance to say something else afterwards without the man shooting him.

He was about to say: "Excuse me, but——" when he thought better of it: it took too long to say, and the man would probably shoot immediately. "Listen a moment?" No, far too long: he'd never get past "Listen." "Now look here—" No, that was too long and too insolent: it might anger him. Then he hit upon the right thing—one word: "Wait." He moved his lips to form the sound. . . .

"O.K. Badger. Start walkin'," said the voice; and the command was reinforced by a sharp prod in the back with the revolver. "Not across the road, yer mutt: that way." In a daze, Mr. Brown turned, and began to walk down the road.

"KEEP goin'," said the voice, "I'm right be'ind yer. Just keep a yard in front of me so's I can watch yer—and no tricks, remember. I'm in no mood ter stand any funny business." The revolver was removed from his back; but he could still hear the man's breathing behind him. The revolver, he was sure, was pointing at the exact spot where he could still feel its impression.

"Well Badger," said the man—and Mr. Brown noticed with dismay that the tone of his voice had changed from its previous ferocity to a forced, and infinitely more terrifying, jocularity—"we never thought we'd get yer so soon, but we're ready for yer—always on the job, yer know."

At this, he laughed. Mr. Brown would have shuddered had he not remembered the revolver just in time. "There's six of the boys waitin' ter meet me along 'ere: they won't 'alf be surprised when they see you want ter join the party: they'll be real glad ter see yer."

Mr. Brown began to feel cold. He wished the bus would come so that he could get on it and go home. Then he realized that even if it did come, this madman wouldn't let him get on it; if he made the slightest move towards it, the man would shoot. Mr. Brown thought hard, and the harder he thought, the less he could decide what to do.

His position began to irritate him: for the first time in his life he was losing his patience. It was ridiculous that he should be forced to walk along a deserted road, with a maniac behind him, likely to kill him at any moment, when he was not the man who should have been walking down the road, if anyone should.

And what if the other men waiting to meet them should think he was "Badger," too? What if he were identically the same in looks as "Badger"? Would these other men let him speak, and tell them who he was? Or would they shoot him on sight? Were they waiting at this moment in some deserted alleyway, or at some bleak street corner? The whole thing was impossible: he jerked his attache case impatiently.

"I'm warning yer, Badger," the voice cut across his ears, "one more jump like that and I'll let yer 'ave it. I'm nervous—understand?"

Mr. Brown felt tired and exasperated, and his knees were weak. He slowed down.

"Keep goin'!" The revolver stabbed him in the back. He walked on more quickly again, and the movement started a thought ticking in his brain. . . .

He'd seen this happen so often before. Why, it happened to James Cagney in that film—what was it called? Someone had crept up behind him and stuck a revolver in his back. And what had he done? Yes, that was it—he'd reached back over his shoulder, grabbed the man behind him by his coat, hauled him up over his back, tossed him in the air and kicked him in the stomach as he came down. Mr. Brown thought it over carefully, and then dismissed the idea as impracticable for a man of his age.

Then he saw the bus; it was coming up the road towards him, and he began to feel relieved. Someone would certainly see them from it as it passed, and would come back to help him; or the driver would switch on his headlights and illuminate the whole scene, stop the bus—or perhaps even run the man down.

"Keep walkin', Badger," said the man. His voice was much louder than the engine of the bus. "One jump and I won't 'esitate, remember." Mr. Brown smiled to himself; the man was a fool; his revolver would be seen, glinting in the headlights' beam.

The bus shot past; the headlights were not on. Out of the corner of his eye, Mr. Brown caught a glimpse of its empty interior.

"Not far now," said the man. "Just this side of the lamp-post."

WITH a great effort, Mr. Brown managed to prevent himself from giving a violent jump. Ahead was a large black streamlined motor car, drawn up to the curb, just in front of the lamp-post; he would have to get into it without coming into the light; they would still not know who he was. Surely "Badger" looked different in some way. His stomach felt empty, as though he had not eaten for days.

What had he been thinking? Yes, about the films—about James Cagney, and pulling the man behind him up over his shoulders. Mr. Brown remembered he'd thought all that out before; he was wasting time. But there was another film — one that Humphrey Bogart was in . . . what was it? . . . and hadn't he . . . yes, that was it . . . could he? . . . dare he? . . . .

He was much nearer the car now. It was long and sleek. Inside there were six men, waiting for him. He was the wrong man, but that didn't make any difference. They were probably all mad, mad like this man behind him; probably they wouldn't look at him properly, wouldn't let him speak.

And perhaps, even if they did look and let him speak, he might look and speak exactly like "Badger." The sidelamps on the car stared at him balefully. Someone inside gently started the engine, letting it warm-up, softly, ominously, just like they did in films.

What was it? How did he do it? Bogart, it was. A man was walking behind him — a yard behind him — pointing a revolver at his back, driving him on down a street to the gang's hide-out; down a very dimly lit street. And Bogart? Yes, he had an attache case in his hand.

Mr. Brown held himself in a grip of iron; the man behind never spoke, so he couldn't have noticed. Mr. Brown did not start; he thought about it, very slowly and carefully.

Humphrey Bogart had an attache case in his hand—just like this—and the man behind him was just out of reach. But. . . . Mr. Brown was cool and collected, his stomach tightly bunched and controlled . . . he'd forgotten to allow for the case. And Bogart swung round in a flash, holding the case at arm's length; he caught the man square on the wrist with it, and knocked the revolver clean out of his hand. Yes, exactly like that.

MR. BROWN tightened his grip on the attache case. Then he remembered something else; after he'd knocked the revolver out of the man's hand, Bogart hit the man under the jaw, knocked him out, and then sauntered casually over to where the revolver lay, picked it up, put it in his pocket, and walked off whistling.

Mr. Brown's stomach slackened, horribly; he couldn't possibly hit the man under the jaw—he didn't know how. There was something about catching him on the side of the jaw—no, he couldn't do it. Even if he did catch the man on the wrist with his case, the man would probably hit him under the jaw, or pick the revolver up again and shoot him. Mr. Brown knew he couldn't even dive for the revolver, let alone saunter towards it casually, pick it up, put it in his pocket, and walk off whistling—he couldn't possibly.

Unhappy, he held his attache case even tighter. Perhaps if he did knock the revolver out of the man's hand, he could drop his case and run back along the road again towards the bus, shouting at the top of his voice—he could run as he'd never run before. Could? He would. But perhaps the man would retrieve the revolver and fire at him as he ran; Mr. Brown hoped that if he did, he'd miss. Even so, he didn't like the

Continued on page 21

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

## Home Things First

SOMETIMES I wonder if, being too obsessed with big things, we are forgetting to care for the little things that, in the main, make up our lives.

I know we are living in grave and historic times. All the same, we should sometimes remember that "the fool has his eyes in the ends of the earth," and try not to overlook the things nearer home.

For life will always be to a large extent exactly what we make it, no matter what may be happening around us.

I don't think it matters beyond a certain point what others are doing. What matters supremely is what we ourselves are doing. If we take a right view of life, if we look on it as an opportunity for useful work, for good living, honest thinking and steady accomplishment, we can hardly fail to be happy.

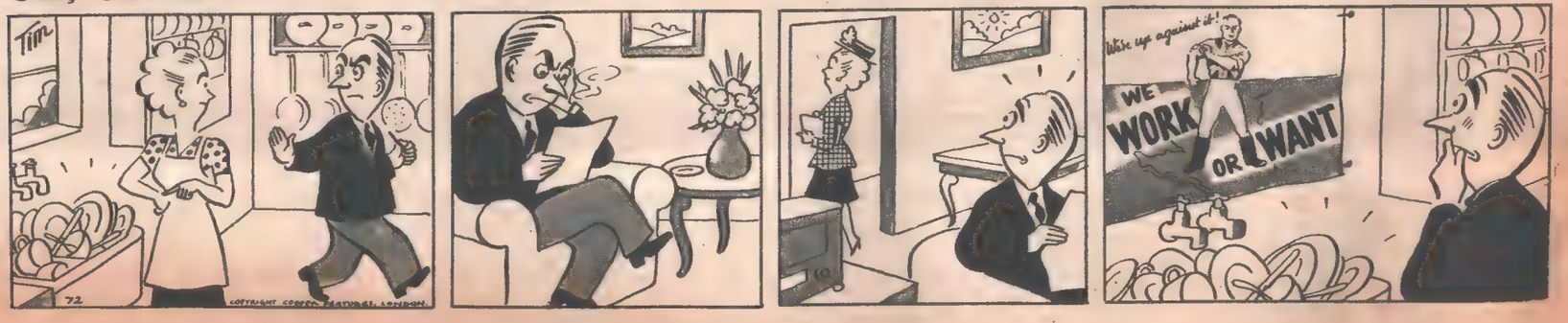
Those who find in life nothing but anxiety and disappointment are those who regard it as merely an opportunity for self-seeking, selfish pleasure and self-aggrandisement.

And in every little detail of life the conscientious performance of duty is the key to contentment.

It is indeed the consciousness of that, and only that, that can give us, as a poet once finely said, "music at midnight."

## OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



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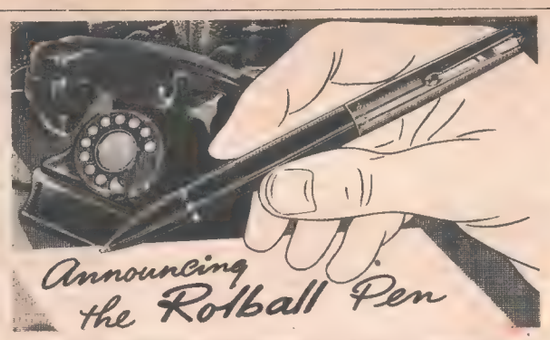

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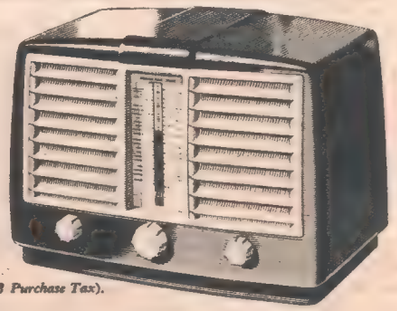

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# Margaret Lockwood

agrees

"No other shampoo leaves your hair so glamorous yet so easy to manage"

*Starring in th Gainsborough film "JASSY"*

## Cocktail Date

Modelling is just as exacting as being on the film-set. It entails many quick changes. "Drene Shampoo comes to my rescue every time," says this lovely model, "it's so quick and simple to use and leaves my hair so easy to set." Many film-stars have had the same experience. And you'll find Drene will make *your* hair manageable — saves you time, too!

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A cover-girl shows you a new hair-do. Like many a film-star, this famous model will tell you how much store she sets by the look of her hair. "I rely on Drene to keep my hair sparkling and glamorous," she says. She knows that Drene Shampoo gets rid of unsightly dandruff—leaves no lime-film, gives that well-groomed appearance.

## Glamorous Night

Margaret Lockwood surely never looked more glamorous than she does in this picture, her beautiful hair shimmering under the studio arc-lights. "Glamour is so important to a film actress," she says, "that's why I always use Drene Shampoo. I find it brings out fascinating highlights in my hair." Drene will make *your* hair sparkle, too. After your first Drene Shampoo you'll agree that your hair looks lovelier than you ever dreamed was possible! What's more, Drene is simplicity itself to use and leaves your hair so manageable.

*Buy the larger sizes and save money. Ask your chemist or hairdresser today.*

# Drene

THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

Continued from page 18

idea of running up the road with bullets humming past his ears. But what else could he do?

Nobody would think less of him if he just knocked the revolver out of the man's hand, and then ran up the road without bothering to fight for it. Anyway, what would he do with it if he had it? It might go off, and he might kill the man.

No, he'd have to run, and he wouldn't mind what anyone thought of his doing it. . . .

Mind? What was he thinking about? Wasn't it enough to do something as daring as that? Wasn't it enough to swing round like a flash, like—like a Humphrey Bogart?

Visions of newspaper headlines flashed across his mind . . . "Bank Clerk's Bravery . . . Local Man's Daring Act." Disconcertingly, another headline came into view . . . "Body Riddled With Bullets."

The vision strengthened him. Not that. He could feel the muscles in his stomach tightening again. Carefully he slid his hand exactly to the middle of the handle of his attache case, then he carefully slid it on to the end, since that would make it reach farther. He held it very tightly and clenched his other fist, then he unclenched it; it might make the man suspicious.

Should he raise himself to his toes before he started his swing? A swing like a flash of lightning, and one hard blow with the case right on the man's wrist, and then run like . . . no, he must rise on his toes as he moved, and not a second before.

Mr. Brown took a deep breath, tightened every muscle, thought for a fraction of a second of his wife, and then . . . one . . . two. . . .

The man behind him shouted: "Hey, boys, open up; I've brought a pal ter see yer—it's Badger."

MR. BROWN'S heart missed a beat, his stomach felt like lead, the case nearly dropped from his nerveless hand as the car door swung open. It was too late.

"O.K., Badger. Step in. There's room for one more in the back."

Mr. Brown saw a gloved hand emerge from the blackness of the interior; it held something which glinted faintly, pointing towards him. He felt nothing. He expected at any moment to see a slightly bluish flame spout from the end of it—and perhaps he would hear the report—and then the bullet . . . and then. . . .

It was a flashlamp; the gloved hand switched it on. Mr. Brown gasped as the light hit him in the face.

"Say! What the hell!" said a voice from behind the glove.

"What's the big idea, Charlie? This ain't Badger."

The man behind him came round and looked at his face. Mr. Brown could not see him because the light dazzled him.

"No! It ain't!" said the man. "Huh! Sorry, mate." He gave Mr. Brown a consolatory pat on the shoulder, stepped into the car and shut the door. With a gentle purring of the engine, it glided away.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Brown ran back up the road; the bus was just starting. The driver saw him and waited. He got on and sank into a seat.

Slowly Mr. Brown took out a packet of cigarettes. His hand shook as he struck the match; he felt cold; he inhaled deeply.

"Sorry, sir, no smoking downstairs," said the conductor.

Mr. Brown rose, and went shakily up the stairs to his favourite seat at the front of the bus.



# as I was saying. . . . by Herbert Hodge

# WHO'D MARRY A YOKEL?

**That's the question troubling a young man who would like to go on the land in preference to pen-pushing when he's demobbed. Here's a reply**

A READER WHO DESCRIBES himself as "a young conscript" writes about a problem that a good many of us must be turning over in our minds at the present time.

Before he joined up, he was working in an office. His old boss is hoping he'll return. It's the kind of job that will give him a middle-class income later on, if he sticks to it.

There's only one thing about the job that troubles him—he feels it's "unproductive."

★ ★ ★

HE thinks he'd be leading a far more useful life, and would be far happier, if he went to work on the land. But he adds:

"After that inspiration, the doubts started creeping in. I thought of the supposedly lower social standing of the manual worker, especially in relation to the kind of girl I'd like to marry.

"I hope to meet and marry a girl who, like me, is interested in music and literature. And what girl of any intelligence would want to marry a manual labourer, however artistic or intellectual he might be?"

Well, it seems to me that there are a thousand and one minor personal problems bound up in all that.

But first let's consider the important question of attracting the right woman.

★ ★ ★

I HAVEN'T any statistics about the kind of men preferred by intelligent women. But my own experience leads me to believe that most women prefer a man who is happy in his work to one who isn't.

A healthy, happy manual worker, it seems to me, is far more likely to appeal to a woman as a lover than an unhappy and possibly dyspeptic clerk.

Then, again, the more intellectual and artistic a woman is the more she seems attracted by the physically tougher type of man. Given a choice between the village blacksmith and the village poet, the odds are that she'll be drawn towards the blacksmith.

The poet's love for her may be beautifully expressed, and the blacksmith may know only words of one syllable—but she'll feel instinctively that a poet's love, after all, consists mainly of words on paper, whereas the blacksmith can offer her poetry in action.

And if a chap happens to be a combination of the two—blacksmith *and* poet—why, then he's got everything the heart of a really cultured girl could desire.

Of course, I'm talking now of a woman choosing a husband purely for love, with all considerations of income and social standing left out. If she's looking for what American women call a "good provider" — well, that's something different.

I can't speak with any experience of that kind of marrying. When I was young and single, no girl was ever foolish enough to mistake me for a good provider. Or not for long. I didn't always appreciate my good luck at the time, but I've learned to be very grateful for it since.

★ ★ ★

SO I don't think my correspondent need worry about his marriage prospects as a farm worker. One thing's certain. The girl who chooses him will have to choose him for himself alone. Their marriage, therefore, will probably be a happy one.

Even if the girl who chooses him isn't already interested in music and literature, she soon will be when she discovers that those are the things that interest him.

And there's always the possibility that a good cook with a kind heart may take a liking to him—and convince him that those two qualities matter far more in a wife than a passion for music, literature, or any other artistic pursuit.

Not that I'd dream of offering any man advice about the kind of woman he ought to marry. It's only that, for myself, I can't conceive of a happy marriage that isn't based on lovingkindness and good cooking. Given that, all the rest seems to follow. Without it, nothing seems to go right.

I'm inclined to think that this "supposedly lower social standing" of the farm worker will worry my correspondent, himself, far more than any girl who may take a liking to him, once he *is* a farm worker.

A chap who throws up a white-collar job to become a manual worker is bound to collect a few blisters to begin with—blisters on his dignity, as well as on his hands. This is still a country of class distinctions—whatever Government may be in power. And the man who earns his living by the sweat of his brow is still looked down upon by most of those who don't.

Officially, of course, the basic producer is now the hero of the hour. But how many of us behave in our private lives as if we really believed it?

★ ★ ★

EVEN our trade unions, it seems, still make a distinction between the manual worker and the clerk. How else can you explain the pre-crisis railway negotiations, in which the unions concerned agreed to a basic week of forty-two hours for clerks and forty-four hours for the other workers?

All the same, once you've seen it for what it is, this silly social snobbery is relatively unimportant. The only man who'll improve the social standing of the manual worker is the manual worker himself. If you want to help him put things right, the thing to do is to get in alongside him.

The important thing is not whether you do manual work or clerical work, but whether you do the kind of work which you feel is right for *you*.

In the long run, nothing else really matters.

So I would suggest to my correspondent that he ignores all doubts and second thoughts, and follows that original inspiration of his.

★ ★ ★

OF course, it's possible he won't find his satisfaction on the land. He can but try and see. It's a chance he has to take.

But he'll certainly never find any satisfaction if he does what he feels to be *not* right — if, that is, on leaving the Army, he decides to go back to the office job simply because it offers him the easiest way out.

**Herbert Hodge has a sincere and straightforward approach to the things that matter**

# Quick for YOUR Harvest!

**THE days are getting shorter. In the fields the harvest is being hurried in. And here is your one last opportunity to reap a golden reward in *Bullets* great Harvest Month distribution of 500 prize cheques totalling over £2,500.**

Enter this Contest's best effort and you will "bring home" £300 in solid cash. This fine First is only one of 100 cheques now waiting to be won, but they are all reserved for "Bulleteers" who post their entries by Monday, September 8. Hurry, then, for your *Bullets* Harvest. Turn to the *Examples* without delay and post the coupon from this page in time for it to win you one of those 100 Cheques!

**RULES** 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

## "BULLETS" RESULT 1,590

**FIRST PRIZE, £300:**
A.S.M. A. H. Crouch, 4/19 Bty. R.A., South Foreland, Dover:
**Victory Over Depression When "Good Spreads" Everywhere**

SECOND PRIZE, £25: J. W. Booth, 55 Grosvenor Crescent, Louth: **Makes Us Workers—"Privileged Class," Rescuing Britain!**

THIRD PRIZE, £10: R. Ibson, 69 Holly Street, Lincoln: **Back From The Seaside—"Robbed"—Thankful Not Burgled!**

OTHER AWARDS: £9: F. E. Spicer, 12 Twinnel Street, Easton, Bristol, 5: **Tied Country In Knots—Not Enough "Wearing Mufflers."** £8: J. Williams, 34 Lower Road, Halewood, near Liverpool: **Victory Over Depression—"Dogfights Over Straits"** *Delaying*. £7: Mrs. F. Hicks, Hurdon Way, Launceston: **Makes Us Offer—Of "Peace Within," Church.** £6: J. Bithell, 3 Stirling Street, Wigan: **Moth-eaten Existence—Unless "Shaking Ourselves" Occasionally.**

SIX PRIZES of £3: Mrs. B. Bulcraig, 46 Edencourt Road, Streatham, S.W.11: **Britannia—Staging Hollywood's "Greatest Drama."** W. D. Craig, "Burleigh," Stubbs Cross, Ashford, Kent: **Nobody Said "No!", So—Delegates Hastily Re-examined Proposal!** T. C. Dudson, The Cottage, Welwyn Heath: **In The Balance—Grandpa's Dignity, Eyeing See-saw!** H. O. Eyre, 18 Queen Street, Chesterfield: **Makes Us Look—Old-fashioned, Dancing With *Feet*!** F. G. Harker, 4 Temperance Tce., Constitution Hill, Snodland: **The Boss Got Mad And—Then Remembered *Attlee's* Troubles!** E. Jones, 39 Bungalow, Bilsthorpe, near Newark: **Victory Over Depression—In Lawn, Dad's Pond!**

12 Cheques of £2 10s., 25 of £1 10s., 50 of £1 and 1,500 other Awards have been posted.

## How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

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**1,500 "GOOD SHOTS"**

**Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"**

SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE
OUR DAILY BREAD
PULLING TOGETHER
TO HELP THINGS ALONG
THE WRONG WAY
ECONOMIC EARTHQUAKE
THE LITTLE MAN
WHEN THE JOB'S DONE
IN MEMORY'S GARDEN
SEEMS FATED
ROUND THE CLOCK
GOT THINGS MIXED
IDLE DREAM
REMAINS TO BE SEEN
WITH SUSPICION
AMAZING
PEACE-TIME HEROINE
LEFT GASPING
A MUG'S GAME
BATTERED AND BENT

**Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.**

HUNTING FOR.....
FILLED WITH.....
BEFORE IT'S.....
SHOOK THE.....
TRIBUTE TO.....
DAD BOUGHT A.....AND

## TRY THIS £150 CROSSWORD!

Waiting to be won in this week's Crossword—£100 in First Prize cash, £25 cash for Runners-up and additional awards value £25! Post square below by MON., Sept. 8.

**THREE BIG CHEQUES WON—XWORD 542**

WINNING WORDS:

ACROSS: 1, Parts. 3, Rash. 6, Bank. 8, Date. 10, Gab. 12, Horse. 14, Pains.

DOWN: 1, Patted. 2, Rook. 4, Home. 5, Cattle. 7, Poach. 9, Poets. 11, Books. 13, Mob.

THREE £100 SHARERS: F. W. Beecroft, 75 The Grove, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster; W. Beecroft, 75 The Grove, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster; G. Kaye, 1 Claremont Avenue, Desmond Avenue, Hull.

£25 CASH for Runners-up shared between 21 entrants. Awards value £25 shared amongst 22 prize-winners submitting 8 or more 3d. entries for this Contest.

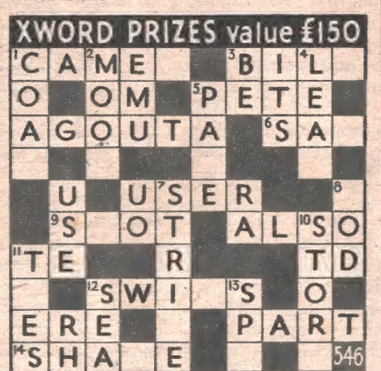
**Across Clues** XWORD 546

1. It's an ingenious device
3. Sometimes accounts for average chap's ill-humour
6. Ordinary one tends to get stuck in wood when green
9. You can go a long way without running across one even in Scottish Highlands
12. A good deal of chocolate is consumed by these
14. It's quite natural to put milk into this

**Down Clues**

1. Many a demobbed man found unexpected difficulty getting in this
2. To be eclipsed often leaves this dark and gloomy
4. Definitely goes through mill
5. Such a person is specially tired
7. Unparalleled this in an industry may well cause disorganization
8. Is associated with a certain kind of school
10. Rollers should be seen in one
11. What a class player sometimes plays off
13. Relies a good deal on getting people's confidence

XWORD PRIZES value £150



**HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON**

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest, but extra Awards value £25 amongst prize-winners submitting eight or more 3d. entries. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated Sept. 20 for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred. I enclose 6d. P.O.

Closing Postmark.
No..... MON., SEPT. 8
Signed..... **546**
Address.....

## ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,594 (or XWORD 546); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated Sept. 20 containing grand **CASH OFFER**

**407**

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX .....

B .....

EX .....

B .....

EX .....

B .....

Closing Postmark.
**1,594** MON., SEPT. 8
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.
value .....
No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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# WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

**Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please**

### Irish Sweep Tickets

"AFTER SELLING TICKETS for the Irish Hospital Derby sweep, I sent the money (£18) and receipts by registered post. The police now inform me that I have infringed the Betting and Lottery Act (1934), and the money has been confiscated. Can I claim the money from the Post Office?"

▸▸ The authorities have power under the Lotteries and Gaming Act to confiscate money sent illegally by post, and I am afraid you have no remedy. If the police should prosecute you will be liable to a fine of £100.

### Changing Child's Name

"ONCE A CHILD'S Christian names have been registered is it possible for any alteration to be made?"

▸▸ If a mistake has been made in the child's name it can be rectified. Also, it may be altered within one year of the date of registration.

### Casual Worker's Income Tax

"I AM A CASUAL FARM worker, unmarried, and often work for two employers in one week. After working for one man for ten weeks I paid £1 13s. income tax. When I left him he handed me a paper to give to my next employer. I usually earn from £3 to £3 10s. a week. Will you tell me what to do about my income tax?"

▸▸ The paper your employer gave you was Form P45. Its purpose is to enable your tax deductions to be continued at the correct rate in new employment. You should have one of these forms every time you change your employer. If your wages averaged £3 5s. a week since April 6 your tax deductions should have been about 2s. a week.

### Transfer of Mortgage

"MY MOTHER is buying her house through a building society and wants to give it to me. Should I be allowed to continue paying the mortgage by instalments? If not, what do you advise me to do?"

▸▸ Your mother can convey the property to you by deed of gift. A solicitor would be necessary to effect the transfer. You can then continue to repay the mortgage as at present arranged.

### Apprenticeship Agreement

"I BECAME APPRENTICED to a printing firm by verbal agreement only and no papers were drawn up. When the term expires I wish to go to another firm but I shall have to prove that I have finished my apprenticeship. Ought I to have the papers drawn up now? Are they absolutely essential?"

▸▸ It appears to be too late to have an apprenticeship agreement drawn up, but a letter from your firm stating the facts should suffice for any future employer.

### Maternity Benefit

"CAN YOU LET ME KNOW how many contributions to my credit are necessary under the National Health Insurance scheme so that I may receive maternity benefit in January next? I have been on sick leave for some time and am wondering if there is a chance of contributions running out and so depriving me of the benefit."

▸▸ If your National Health Insurance was not terminated on June 30, 1947, maternity benefit can be claimed in January, 1948, provided you have at least 26 contributions to your credit for the year ending July, 1947. If you are receiving sickness or disablement benefit, contributions are excused for weeks of incapacity, and this maintains the title to benefits.

### Advertisement on House

"A JOINERY FIRM at the end of my street has fixed a board advertising itself on the house in which I live. It had the landlord's permission to do this. Ought it not to have obtained my permission first?"

▸▸ The person who fixed the board on your part of the house appears to have committed a trespass and may be obliged to remove it. The landlord's consent does not affect the matter.

# HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

### Answers to Quiz on page 16

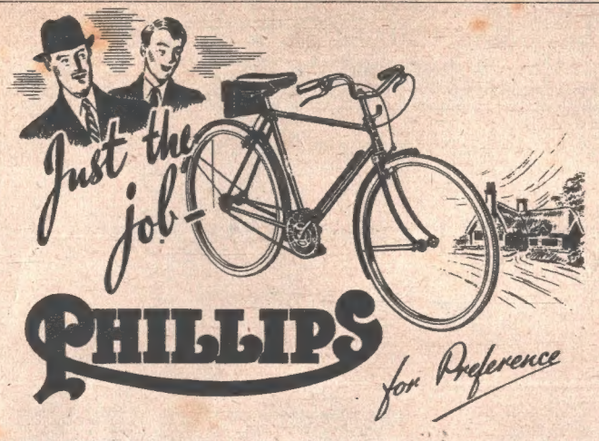
STARS. (1) An astronomer is a scientific observer of the stars; an astrologer is concerned with "what the stars foretell." (2) No. (Nearest—*Alpha Centauri*—is four light years away, as against the sun's eight minutes.) (3) Those appearing reddish are cooler. (4) The Plough (Ursa Major, Great Dipper). (5) Forty-eight (one for each state in the Union).

WORDS. (1) Way out. (2) Expanding bullets; sunken fences round parks or gardens, keeping animals out without interrupting the view. (3) Bluish, leaden. (4) A look which might kill. The basilisk is a mythical reptile whose breath or even look was fatal. (5) By looking at it *carefully*, not hurriedly.

SOUTH AMERICA. (1) Rope with weights on the ends, so that it wraps itself round anything at which it is thrown. (2) Wife of Colonel Juan Peron, Argentine President. (3) Volcanoes in Ecuador (Chimborazo is extinct). (4) Brazil. (5) To test a theory that ancient Peruvians drifted to the South Seas centuries ago.

RADIO. (1) Cross-fading is when one scene is faded out and another in; bridges are music or sound-effects between sequences. (2) Cynthia Pugh adapts plays; Francis Worsley is a variety producer; Raymond Glendenning is a sports commentator; Jean Pougnet is leader of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. (3) Val Gielgud; Laurence Gilliam. (4) *Stand Easy* and *Much-Binding-in-the-Marsh*. (5) Frequency modulation (of the carrier wave).

MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. (1) He made a last-ditch stand against the invading Normans. (2) Simon de Montfort. (3) Magna Carta. (4) A national survey of land holdings carried out under William I. (5) Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.

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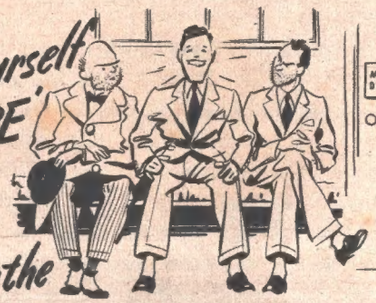
Sell yourself at 'FACE' Value Shave the WARDONIA way

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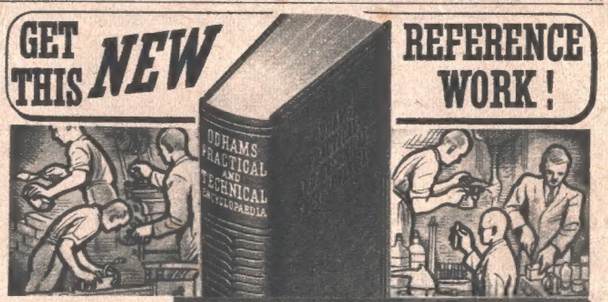


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